

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 233.—4 NOVEMBER, 1848.

From the Westminster Review.

*Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire.* Par M. A. THIERS. Paris: Paulin. Tomes V. VI. VII.

THE history of a period so eventful as that of the Consulate and Empire of France, and by a writer so remarkable as M. Thiers, was sure to be welcomed with no ordinary degree of interest. The literary career of the author, the part he has acted in the councils of his country, the share he was ambitious of taking again; the transition state in which that country appeared to be placed during the trial between elective and hereditary monarchy; the acquisition policy of the imperial period, partly revived in the Spanish marriages and the Algerine colonization; have if possible increased the curiosity attaching to a work which, besides being an account of the past, may be looked upon as a manifesto of the future, and an indication of the policy which the author, certain circumstances permitting, would be prepared to vindicate and pursue.

It is not our intention at present to bestow any examination on the earlier portions of the work relating to the consulate, but to invite the reader's attention to the three volumes containing the events of the empire from its inauguration in 1804 to the peace of Tilsit in 1807. These three years have the advantage of being clearly detached from the previous ones; they present the principal personage of the book in his new character of a monarch; they abound in momentous occurrences, profound combinations, sagacious institutions; and relate to a time during which the struggle with England was subordinate to the other and greater conflict with the continental powers; and therefore not so distasteful to the national vanity as to make us imagine M. Thiers an unwilling or incorrect narrator of those events in which the honor of this country is involved. Later—his impartiality might not command so entire a reliance. But we are not as yet arrived at the period when the war was begun in earnest between England and France; that is, when we landed an army in the peninsula, the vigorous direction of which, after years of hard fighting, step by step, ended in the dictation of peace, at the point of the bayonet, in the heart of the French territory.

It will not, however, be for an accurate statement of fact that this work will be valuable in the eyes of an Englishman. In his accounts of the contests between France and Austria, France and Prussia, France and Russia, the successes obtained by the first named country were so decided and brilliant that the historian can afford to be just to the efforts and admire the exploits of the defeated enemy, without impairing the interest of his narration for the ear of the French nation. It must be

otherwise where England is concerned. Unfortunately for the historian, M. Thiers is a statesman, or as some will exclaim, only a politician. He has been a minister—he may be one again; for shallow and rash as were some of his schemes when in office, empty and idle as was his preference of a policy of isolation to the English alliance and coöperation so cordially tendered to him by this country in the first instance, there is yet no one else in all France whose addresses, whether from the tribune or the press, have produced a more powerful effect on opinion; and his influence must yet be considerable in the future councils of that country through the storms that await it both at home and abroad.

A candidate for office mainly on anti-English views, he dares not face the unpopularity among his countrymen which a true account of English policy or of English achievements might sometimes occasion. Whilst, however, we caution the reader against taking up this work as a faithful chronicle of events—while we excuse M. Thiers for being, in his position, necessarily obliged to allow for the passions and prejudices of the French nation, and to combine the political advertisement with which he bespeaks their suffrages with the lofty flow of the long and magnificent drama with which he has ornamented the literature of his country; we cannot refuse our admiration both at the splendor of the painting, the clearness of the story, and the depth and shrewdness of thought with which it is interspersed. In these respects he is unsurpassed. Michelet is no doubt more terse, epigrammatic, and antithetical; and Lamartine more poetical and picturesque. M. Thiers exceeds the latter in force, the former in comprehensiveness, both in dramatic grandeur. It is with an agreeable surprise that we find views more enlarged, reflections more profound, on the character and motives of the individual human mind, the temptations of power, the tendencies of societies and nations, in the pages of the eager journalist and the ambitious deputy, than in the honest, philosophical, laborious lucubrations of our pains-taking Hallam, or Mackintosh, or Alison. From their aridities he is entirely free; such a quality would not only be intolerable in France, but, what is worse, fatal to views of future office. With the vigor and satire of Gibbon, he has his imposing current of language without the affectation of his artificial sentences. It is odd that in Gibbon, who was born and bred a country gentleman, we are constantly and disagreeably reminded of the pedant and the rhetorician. In M. Thiers, who was certainly born far away from any gentility of position, we are struck with the grace and ease of the general style, the terse eloquence

of his comments, and often by elevation of the sentiments, the opposition of the contrasts, the management of the lights and shades in the pictures which he delights in introducing. Every now and then, amidst the intoxication of the full tide of success, our attention is arrested by a significant observation embodying the melancholy presentiment that, notwithstanding the noonday splendor of imperial pride and power, it will be his task to relate and comment upon its decline, and ultimate catastrophe. He never seems to dismiss this subject completely from his anticipations, seldom allows himself to dwell on the actual pictures of military dominion and satiety of possession without intimating his recollection of the corresponding reverses. He enjoys the spectacle, but with the feelings of Damocles. From these qualities, even if from these alone, his work will be valuable, dismissing for a moment all question as to its historical veracity. A mere fable, when interspersed with observations, always so shrewd, often profound, and sometimes just, would be an important addition to our political experience.

Unhappily for the liberties of mankind, from the days in which the Girondins declared war in order to maintain themselves in office, when, in order that a few men (as it has since turned out) might have a little more freedom than they had been used to, and a much larger number infinitely less power than they had enjoyed—when Brissot wrote, “Il faut incendier les quatre coins de l’Europe; notre salut est là,”\*—there has always been much more of destruction than of edification in the attempts made by nations to possess themselves of freedom, whose cause, in fact, has come into occasional disrepute from the violences of its professed apostles. It is in all cases an enormous evil, whatever may be the ultimate good, when a country has lost all its ties, laws, and standards of opinion, and exists under none but what it called into being yesterday, and may change to-morrow. These revolutionary deceptions, disappointing every one, paved the way for Bonaparte. When we pass to the empire, we enter at once on another sphere, in which the confused multiplicity of parties, views, and tendencies disappears, and power assumes a form, like its motto, of “union and force.”

The sober portion of the French nation, the mass of those who possessed anything to lose, wearied with long years of anarchy, no less afraid of intestine disturbance than of foreign invasion, nay, many of those who were formerly adherents of the Bourbons, and anxious for their return—in the utter hopelessness of such an event, and with the full conviction of the necessity of putting an end to the succession of plots and intrigues directed against the safety of France in the person of her ruler, became converts to the monarchical principle, and desirous that it should be re-established in favor of the very man whom the Bourbon emissaries had conspired to assassinate. Singular

\* Our safety requires us to set on fire the four corners of Europe.

consequence of their attempts, that they should have afforded to the ambitious chief whom they were meant to destroy, the most convenient stepping-stones to that dignity—the object of his aspirations—which they had intended to secure for themselves! Nay, what is as strange, and more reproachful, is, that the cold-blooded tragedy of the Duc d’Enghien—an attack made upon the inviolability of all the royal families of Europe worthy only of the sanguinary temper and times of Richelieu—scarcely appeared to the occupiers of the thrones of the continent to disqualify the perpetrator from taking his honored place among them. The general feeling at Berlin and Petersburg was one of abhorrence; and yet, after displays of feeling which the respective sovereigns had prompted and encouraged, not one of them made any difficulty about the recognition of the newly coined imperial title. Austria was calm enough; very different from Russia. “Aussi le premier consul n’avait qu’à se louer de l’indifférence pour la victime d’Ettenheim! On était jeune, inexpérimenté à Petersbourg, on était surtout loin de la France. On était sage, dissimulé à Vienne; surtout très proche du vainqueur de Marengo; on se tût.” The Russian remonstrances were most untimely. The Emperor Alexander, whose own elevation to the imperial throne had occurred under circumstances that deprived him of the right to lecture others on moral duties, was told, in the first consul’s terrible reply, that France owed no explanations to Russia for having used a legitimate right of defence against plots formed on her frontiers, within the full view and knowledge of certain German governments; that Russia in her place would have done the same; “had she been informed that the assassins of Paul I. were assembled at a day’s march from her frontier, and within reach, would she have hesitated to lay hold of them!” An overwhelming reproach to a sovereign then living surrounded by his father’s murderers.

Within a few weeks, however, these potentes, with more or less of apparent cordiality, each unwilling to brave the resentment of the powerful chief of France, sanctioned his official assumption of that dignity so unanimously tendered to him by his own country.

Admire (says M. Thiers) the depth of the lesson conveyed. The man of their choice had been the butt of a criminal conspiracy—but then he had himself just been guilty of a sanguinary act, and yet, at that very moment, people were not afraid to raise him on the buckler—so imperious was the necessity; they raised him, not less glorious, it is true, but less pure. They took him with all his genius; but they would have taken him without—they would have taken him whatever he was, so that he was but powerful.

So, in fact, it has been with other countries. As England put up with Monk, Spain with Narvaez, Mexico with Santa Anna—mere soldiers of most moderate abilities, but who presented each in their day, an appearance of organized force more tolera-

ble than the continuance of democratic disorders (or the liability attaching to them) which they severally replaced.

The Roman republic, argues the author, having existed for many centuries as a free commonwealth, did not become reconciled to hereditary monarchy for some generations. Not so in France, where all the traditional recollections, though rudely assaulted and in part defaced by the revolutionary storm, were intimately connected with regal institutions and dignity.

In all countries torn by factions, threatened by foreign enemies, the necessity of being defended and governed will produce, sooner or later, the triumph of some powerful individual; a warrior like Cæsar at Rome; a rich man like the Medicis at Florence. \* \* \* If this country has always existed as a monarchy, and the madness only of faction has torn it from its normal condition to convert it into an ephemeral republic, it will then require some years of troubles to inspire a horror of anarchy; not quite so many years to find a soldier capable of bringing it to a close; and a wish of that soldier, or even a dagger from the hand of an assassin, will then be enough to make him king or emperor, to bring back the country to its old habits, and dissipate the dreams of those who had believed they could change human nature with their vain decrees, and still vainer oaths. Rome and Florence, long time republics, took more than half a century each to give themselves to the Cæsars and Medicis. England and France, republics of ten years' duration, ended in Cromwell and Napoleon.

The French revolution, then, was condemned to do penance in the face of all Europe for the absurdities that had been attempted, and the crimes that had been committed in its name.

Elle avait voulu une égalité barbare, chimérique, l'absence de toute hiérarchie sociale, la présence continuelle de la multitude dans le gouvernement, \* \* \* l'abolition de tout culte \* \* \* elle avait été folle et coupable, et elle devait venir faire en présence de l'univers la confession de ses égarements \* \* \* ses erreurs même contenaient encore de graves leçons données au monde avec une incomparable grandeur.

The historian lays it down, therefore, that a return to the monarchical constitution was inevitable, in obedience to the unchangeable dictates and convictions of human society. Nevertheless, he does not hesitate to intimate his regret that his hero acceded to this vulgar notion, still more that he was so impatient to seize it. Not that the right to confer it was wanting in the nation—but the object of its choice, who, as the first magistrate of the French republic, had scarcely his equal on the globe, when aggregated to the community of kings was at once to become their inferior in something, were it only in the single point of blood and hereditary descent.\* Was it not, too, opening a new career for his ambition—would he not be attempting fresh and more gigantic enterprises, and embark in undertakings fatal to the fortune of France? Such reflections may have occurred to the wise,

\* "Se faire appeler, Sire—il aspire à descendre," was the witty criticism at the time, of Paul Louis Courier.

but not to the majority of the French nation; and among a people so vain of display, so impressionable by outward show, it is probable that the mere insignia and phraseology of the monarchical office did materially aid in rivetting more firmly Bonaparte's power. "In every change some men are wanted to carry into effect the opinions which occupy the minds of all; that is, some instruments. There was one man singularly appropriate for the circumstance." It was Fouché. That ex-Jacobin was completely corrected of his republican errors. His excessive though new-born zeal for royalty leading him to urge a master, who assuredly needed little persuasion, and to labor as though it were necessary to hasten those who were already ascending fast enough. The monarchical reaction, which betrayed so general and imprudent an avidity was, thinks M. Thiers,

All the more instructive and profound—all the more worthy of those great lessons which Providence bestows on mankind, when given by that heroic soldier, by those newly-converted republicans, all anxious to clothe themselves in purple on the ruins of a republic of ten years, to which they had taken a thousand oaths of fidelity. It perished—this republic which had been declared *imperishable*, under the hand of a victorious general, as all republics end which do not go to sleep in the arms of an oligarchy.

A tendency to go to sleep in peaceable times, or times of general prosperity, is common to all forms of government. Whether with the growing intelligence of the age, the forms of republicanism do not admit of a less terrible awakening than the violent convulsions by which the abuses of despotic and irresponsible authority are ultimately overthrown, is the problem which the French nation have again undertaken to solve. With such convictions as the above, we can understand the jealousy entertained by the French republicans of M. Thiers, who has now become a member of the National Assembly. They naturally do not wish the National Assembly to be put to sleep by him, nor to fall into the hands of an oligarchy of his creation.\*

We have said that the sentiments which invited Napoleon's elevation to the throne were all but unanimous throughout France—save to some of the more ultra republicans, and some discontented officers, chiefly of the army of the Rhine; and of that opposition the members were dying away in the trials of the conspirators in the affair of George, and in which unhappily Moreau was involved. The sentence on the latter of two years' imprisonment was commuted into banishment.

\* Besides republicans, the election of M. Thiers is regretted by many of the most philosophically minded men in France as an unfavorable augury of future progress. The "*Journal des Economistes*" dreads in him an enemy of public liberty in reference to education and local self-government—an advocate of monopolies—high tariffs, extravagant expenses, heavy taxes, and foreign war. "*A moins que la révolution de Février ne l'ait totalement converti.*"

M. Thiers was in office in 1835, when the laws of September were enacted against the press; a circumstance which will not be soon forgotten or forgiven.—Ed.



While he was thus ascending the steps of the throne Moreau was departing for exile. They were to come in sight of each other once more, at cannon-shot distance, under the walls of Dresden,\* both of them unfortunate—both of them guilty—the one in returning from abroad to bear arms against his country—the other for abusing his power so as to provoke an universal reaction against the greatness of France; the one dying by a French bullet, the other gaining a lost victory, but seeing already yawning the abyss in which his prodigious destiny was engulfed. However, those great events were then still far distant. Napoleon then seemed all powerful, and forever

Yet even in the midst of the rejoicings that accompanied his elevation to the succession of the Bourbons, we are told that he was not without cares and troubles even in the bosom of the Bonaparte family, the several members of which, though born at such a distance from those dignities which their brother's abilities had conferred on himself, were discontented and intriguing.

Doubtless he had experienced some vexations in these times, since, independently of its sterner visitations, Providence always mingles somewhat of bitterness, by anticipation, in the cup of our happiness, as if, by warning to the human soul, to prepare it for more remarkable calamities.

Amid all these pomps and vanities he did not lose sight of finance and war. In the midst of his schemes of ambition he found time to originate an addition and improvement of the pecuniary resources of the nation. We more willingly draw attention to this circumstance, since even so late as February, 1848, we find so well-read a man as Mr. D'Israeli disparaging, without discrimination, his notions of political economy. Faulty in many respects, in others they were entitled to the highest praise. With all the gigantic enterprises he set on foot, and the exhausted state in which he found France, as a principle he never would borrow. Perhaps such a government would not have obtained extensive credit; but it is nevertheless an extraordinary contrast to the policy of Pitt and his successors, whose extravagance in that respect has so much burdened the present and future generations of England.

He had long felt, notwithstanding the great additional means secured to the state by the equalization of taxation established at the revolution, that real property, less liable to the whole of the public burdens, had been unfairly treated. While possessed by privileged bodies, the nobility and clergy, it had been privileged too—and had become the object of attack of the political economists and the professors of love for the poor, who invented a land-tax as a substitute for all other imposts.

But this theory, generous in its intention, false

\* A distinguished English general officer was in the field on the memorable 27th of August, 1813, as military commissioner with the allied armies. Moreau is said to have expressed to him, no long time before he received his death-wound, a presentiment of disaster. It was connected with the presence of Bonaparte at the head of the French army; in the neighborhood of his rival he involuntarily recognized the subjugation of his genius.

in point of fact, was destined to fall before the test of experience. \* \* \* In charging the land beyond measure, the people of the country were taxed for the benefit of the shopkeepers and consumers of spirituous liquors in the towns. \* \* \* It was indispensable to vary the resources of the impost, so as not to dry them up.

Napoleon then, in opposition to this theoretical view, these unproductive as well as mischievous results, did not fear to propose in the council of state the less popular but

Simple and true theory of a contribution ably diversified, resting alike on every species of property and of industry, exacting from none of them an undue share of the public revenue, and producing therefore no artificial interference with prices. Drawing means from every channel along which they flowed abundantly—and yet so moderately, as not to lower too considerably the level in any one of them. This system, the fruit of time and experience, has but one drawback. The variety of objects liable to taxation increases the expense of collection; but then it presents so many advantages, and the contrary system is so violent, that the slight augmentation of expense it occasions cannot be considered a serious objection.

This was maintained and carried in the council by Napoleon, with a wonderful sagacity, as if finance had been the chief study of his life.

In a very able pamphlet\* lately published by Mr. Babbage, we perceive that a part of this reasoning is quoted with approbation; while others of our active political economists and statisticians appear ignorant or regardless of the advantages derived from the variety of the contributing sources, and thus illustrate the truth of Swift's sarcastic remark of the uselessness of one man's experience in warning another. It was made a matter of boast by the advocates of Sir Robert Peel's tariff, in 1842, that some 400 or 500 articles had been admitted duty free; on what grounds of justice it would be difficult to say; but on those of expediency it was incorrectly urged, that we should be enabled to dispense with the services of that portion of the custom-house officers heretofore employed in examining the now exempted articles. It not being apparent to the ingenious framers of that tariff that examination would still be indispensable, in order to ascertain that the commodities claiming exemption did not fraudulently give cover for the introduction of others liable to customs' duty.

The long-intended descent upon this country required, indeed, the utmost efforts in point of means to prepare it. Insufficiency of means of transport in days when steam was unknown, when a naval armament could not be collected along the shores of the channel without being exposed to the observation of our cruisers, perhaps to destruction; the delay in the equipment of the men-of-war in the military ports of the west which were to protect the passage of the flotilla;—all these circumstances had delayed the opportunity of an attempt until the end of August, 1804. Then

\* "Thoughts on the Principles of Taxation, with reference to a Property Tax and its Exceptions." 1849.



the death of Latouche Tréville, the admiral of the Toulon fleet—a vain boaster, but an enterprising officer, and one on whose coöperation Napoleon had mainly counted—induced him to adjourn the attempt for another season. The winter witnessed the ceremony of his coronation at Paris—the spring of 1805 the corresponding formality at Milan; then followed a series of imperial progresses, fêtes, reviews, and parades throughout his Italian dominions. But while bent in appearance only on Transalpine amusements, the mind of Napoleon was unceasingly maturing the means of accomplishing the projected, the darling enterprise of his heart. At first, Villeneuve, Missiessy, and Gantheaume were to have severally sailed with their respective squadrons for the West Indies, whither alarm for our colonies would draw the whole disposable naval force of England after them. The united French fleet, then returning across the Atlantic, were to have appeared unexpectedly in the Channel, to convoy the sailing of the expedition from Boulogne. This first combination failed, from the singular fact that Gantheaume, closely blockaded by Cornwallis in Brest, never found a single day in the spring of 1805 on which he could hope to evade the ceaseless watch of the English squadron outside. March, April—those months usually so stormy, passed away without a single gale to mark the equinox. "Sire," writes Gantheaume to him on the 1st of May, 1805, "the extraordinary weather which has prevailed since we have been under sailing orders is quite dispiriting. \* \* \* I had been proposing to get under weigh. All our ships were unmoored; a west wind which had been blowing stiffly for some hours had given me hopes that the enemy might have betaken himself to the open sea, when his in-shore squadron was descried from our anchorage." About the same date there is another letter from Gantheaume to Decrès. "Ainsi que j'ai mandé les temps ont été tels, qu'ils nous a été impossible de nous dérober. L'Empereur \* \* \* je n'ose lui rien dire, n'ayant rien d'agréable à lui annoncer \* \* \* je me tais en attendant les événements. Je me borne à désirer qu'il veuille nous rendre justice." Orders came up from the wearer of the Lombard crown, on the banks of the Po, that if Gantheaume had been unable to sail before the 20th of May, he should then remain and await the appearance of Villeneuve before Brest. Frigates were despatched to the West Indies, bidding the latter no longer look for the Brest squadron out there; but to sail at once for the latter port, release its commander from duress, and, overpowering the British blockading force of that port, enter the Channel, reinforced by Gantheaume, in such numbers as to occupy, if not overcome, such a remnant of the English fleet as might have been left in it. On the night of the 8th of July, Napoleon disappeared from the pageantry of Turin, emerging at Fontainebleau on the 11th. Not entirely trusting the appearance of the Austrian horizon in Italy, he had left behind him orders for the arming and provisioning

of all the fortresses west of the Adige, and for the movement of the divisions that had recently paraded on the celebrated fields of Castiglione and Marengo, towards positions closer to the eastern frontier of Lombardy. Thus much for defence. The heavy cavalry and spare infantry not destined for England were directed towards the Rhine. He even then thought that circumstances might transfer the first display of his arms thither. The court of Vienna, ominously silent and insincere in its communications, naturally watched all his movements with intense anxiety—putting up devout prayers that the leader with his army on the shores of the ocean might meet with the fate of Pharaoh beneath its waves.

The rapidity of his bodily movements was even surpassed by that of his mental combinations. After a fortnight given to the remonstrances of his councillors, and the instruction of his diplomatic agents, to measures of precaution against Europe, which he was leaving in arms behind him, he arrives, on the 3d of August (1805) at Boulogne, where 100,000 men had long been awaiting the hour and the man. The latter was all they were then destined to see. Here he was devoured with impatience while vainly awaiting the arrival in the straits of the combined fleet, which alone could confer a reasonable chance of success on the expedition. For many days no news—at last an account of the indecisive action of the French under Villeneuve with Calder, on July 22d. The loss of only two line-of-battle ships appeared to the French emperor almost a victory. He wrote to Villeneuve, (13th August,) "Je suis fondé à penser que la victoire est restée à mes armes, puisque vous êtes rentré à la Corogne." He goes on to say he hopes this dispatch will not find him there—that he will have effected his junction with Lallemand, swept everything before him, and entered the Channel, "où nous vous attendons avec anxiété.—Si vous ne l'avez pas encore fait—faites le. Marchez hardiment à l'ennemi. \* \* \* Prévenez par un courier extraordinaire, l'amiral Gantheaume du moment de votre départ. \* \* \* Enfin jamais, pour un plus grand but, une escadre n'aura couru quelques hazards. L'Angleterre n'a pas aux dunes plus de 4 vaisseaux de ligne que nous harcelons tous les jours avec nos prames et nos flotilles." For a week he remained in an anxiety augmented by the suspicious accounts received respecting the policy of Prussia. To have added her to the list of his enemies would have been too much. Duroc was therefore despatched to Berlin to bribe her by the offer of Hanover—a tender more dishonorable to the party that entertained it, than to him who made it. On the 22d of August, he received news from Villeneuve that he had sailed from Ferrol, and was steering for Brest and the Channel. Fresh letters to Villeneuve, to encourage him, and to Gantheaume, bidding him not to keep the former waiting a moment—cajoling, flattering, exhorting both in terms irresistible from such a quarter. "We are all embarked," he concludes

—"all is ready—England is ours—show yourselves but 24 hours and all is won." Dérès, however, his minister of marine, an able officer, though he durst not encounter the imperial anger by openly opposing such an operation, had no hope, now that the English fleet was alive to the intended combinations, of any successful issue from the union of the two divisions of the French fleet, amounting to 50 sail of the line, in the narrows of the Channel. Nearly one half had been so closely blockaded for many months as to have lost practice and seamanship; the force would be unfit to manœuvre in the limited space assigned, and their inability to work their ships with all the dexterity circumstances would require, would render such a practice dangerous if not fatal. He was incessantly worried by his patron for his opinion. "Whether Villeneuve was steering for Brest?—or for Cadiz?—If for Cadiz, what am I to do with my marine?"—For some days, Napoleon, with a presentiment that the latter course had been taken, hesitated between two alternatives—that of embarking at all hazards, or of throwing himself upon Austria, whose increasing assemblages of troops behind the Adige augmented his ill-humor and suspicion. The historian quotes a letter written by him to Talleyrand, in the midst of these dilemmas, (23d of August,) discussing the probabilities of the naval force failing him. "In such a case I break up my camp on the shores of the ocean, enter Germany with 200,000 men, and not stop till I have touched bars at Vienna \* \* \* after pacifying the Continent, I shall return to the ocean to work afresh at the *maritime peace*." (!!)

During this interval he was sombre, absent, harsh towards Admiral Dérès, in whose countenance he read all the reasons that had actuated Villeneuve. He was constantly on the sea-shore—his eyes fixed on the horizon. Naval officers, with telescopes, on different points of the coast, were unceasingly on the look out, and charged to report to him.

After three days' gestation of impatience and anxiety intolerable to a temperament so ardent, Dérès being interrogated, confessed that, considering the time since Villeneuve had sailed from Ferrol, the fair winds that had prevailed, "*vu aussi les dispositions morales de Villeneuve*," (for so his friend and shipmate obligingly phrased it,) he was of opinion that the fleet had retired to Cadiz. Mons. Thiers describes, on the authority of a manuscript memorandum left by Daru, who witnessed it, a violent explosion on the part of the disappointed contriver of the expedition. He abused Villeneuve in particular as a traitor—included in the censure of his wrath all around—

Declared himself betrayed by the pusillanimity of men—deplored the ruin of the finest, rarest plan he had ever concerted in his life—and showed in all its bitterness the grief of genius abandoned by fortune. All of a sudden, calming himself \* \* \* he dictated, for several hours, with extraordinary presence of mind and precision of detail, the plan of the immortal campaign of 1805. There was no

longer a trace of irritation either in his voice or in his features. The great conceptions of the intellect had overcome the grief of the feelings. Instead of attacking England by the direct road, he was going to foil her by the long and sinuous way of the continent, one on which he was to find an incomparable grandeur before encountering his ruin.

Would he, asks M. Thiers, have attained his object by the direct course?

Granted that he got safe over to Dover, it is no offence to the British nation to suppose that it might have been conquered by the captain who, in eighteen months, overcame and subdued Austria, Germany, Prussia, and Russia. For there was not, in point of fact, a man added to that army of the ocean which at Austerlitz, Jena, and Friedland, beat the 800,000 soldiers of the continent. Nay, it must be said, too, that the territorial inviolability enjoyed by England has not fashioned her heart to the danger of invasion \* \* \* this does not in the least detract from the glory of her naval and military services. It is not, therefore, probable that she could have dared resist the soldiers of Napoleon, as yet unexhausted and undecimated by war. An heroic resolution of her government by taking refuge in Scotland, and abandoning England to the ravages of the victor, until the return of Nelson with the whole naval force of England, by cutting off the return of Napoleon, though victorious, and thus enforcing him to become a prisoner in his own conquest; all this might have brought about some strange combinations: but it was out of all likelihood. We are firmly persuaded that, if Napoleon had reached London, England would have treated.

We certainly think that England "would have dared to resist," and that her resistance would have been eventually (as it was in Spain) successful; otherwise, in these ingenious speculations of M. Thiers in the optative and subjunctive mood, there is assuredly little of which we can complain. Our jealousy of standing armies, so favorable to our civil liberty; the intolerance and ignorance of war common to our whole population; the want of enterprise and professional skill which characterized our military officers until formed by the schooling of our great captain in the Peninsula; would have placed us at great disadvantage in a contest with the soldiers of the camp of Boulogne. True it is that the south-eastern counties are inclosed, intricate, timbered, and so far unfavorable to the rapid progress of an invader. Hedge-rows, trees, ditches, scattered homesteads and orchards, if defended would reduce the advance to a constant series of petty skirmishings, in which an enemy ignorant of the country, and deriving no assistance from the peasantry, could frame no operations on a scale corresponding with his numbers. But then this hypothesis imagines an army, smaller indeed than his, but able to meet and fight some portion of his force with confidence. It would have been idle, without a large regular force, whether of the line or of a well-trained militia, to have trusted to the loquacious enthusiasm of the towns or the sharp-shooting of the rural inhabitants. Without organization such tumultuous assemblages are sure to fail. The very first check engenders panic and

flight; and the disorder that is thus communicated is worse almost than non-resistance. There have been instances of irregular troops embarrassing disciplined armies: the mountaineers of the Tyrol, the guerillas in Spain, nay, even our own Highlanders in the rebellion of 1745. But all these bodies were more or less organized; accustomed to act in concert *under chiefs whom they knew beforehand, whom they trusted and obeyed*, and were besides proverbially expert in the use of their weapons. Our social and political economy have engendered other habits, and would hardly admit of a levy *en masse*. Whatever might be done by the lord and his tenants, the squire and his game-keepers, we could not expect the farmer to persuade his weekly laborers, the hireling who stays not for the wolf, still less the lords of industry to rally their factory operatives to advance with them into the thick of the fight. The general surface of England, though lending itself favorably to the efforts of an inferior though disciplined force to resist one superior only in numbers but not in skill and daring, has for the greater part no remarkable strongholds, no mountains or defiles, save in the north and west. No fortresses, not even a castle, a post, a gentleman's mansion, scarcely a tithe-barn that can be rendered susceptible of defence against anything stronger than musketry. Once inland, having masked or passed the martellos and the naval arsenals, there is hardly anything that a powder-bag would not find means to open or throw down.

Our first line of defence, then, which consisted in our force afloat in the channel, being passed or evaded, (a large supposition,) we dare say M. Thiers is right when he vindicates the project as one by no means chimerical; it could not be branded as absolutely hopeless, however imprudent. Let us recollect, too, that there were other causes, besides the non-arrival of Villeneuve, which led to the abandonment of the project, almost at the moment of its threatened execution. The menacing posture of affairs on the continent, the arming of powers whom we were then rich and unwise enough to subsidize, had a large share in diverting the attention and absorbing the energies of France and her ruler, which they never can have again. No power on the continent will ever again arm at so critical a juncture, or, unless paid afresh by us, cause such a diversion in favor of this country, should a revival of the project of invasion ever suggest itself seriously to a French government vigorous enough to entertain it, rich enough to provide the means, and firm enough in its tenure of office to prepare for some time before the resources and materials needed for so momentous a struggle.

The abandonment of an enterprise conceived, projected, and for years cherished with all the ardor which a thirst for power, hatred of a rival, and a desire of commercial advantages, could inspire in a disposition like his, by the greatest captain of modern times, is then, in part, owing to the sea-front presented, but greatly more to the insecurity

of his own dominions from other attacks—fortunately no doubt for this country, since our own existence had in many respects become so artificial, the relations of the various classes to each other so complicated, that the mere process of even successful defence would have been accompanied by circumstances of the greatest hazard. Whence, indeed, with war a few miles off, are to come the resources that supply the pay-table of the manufacturer and the farmer on the Saturday night? Whence, in the absence of these, is the working population, whom the involuntary policy of our poor-laws, with all their merits, have deprived of forethought and self-reliance, whence are they to be supplied with food? Above all, when resistance is talked of, let us distinguish. We have never yet heard or read of any country in which a compulsory charity, however blessed in the giver, had produced patriotism in the recipient, nor have we any opinion that the pauper element, so large a one unfortunately in the population of Great Britain, would contribute anything but embarrassment to our efforts at defence. The dole-basket at Rome prepared her for her successive subjugations by the barbarians.

After he had definitively renounced the English, and resolved upon the German invasion, Napoleon remained another week at Boulogne, so that his presence there while he superintended the commencement of the march towards the Rhine and the Danube, might still mystify the other powers. His position was critical enough. An Austrian army, numerically superior to the French, was ready to assume the offensive in Lombardy; another under Mack in Bavaria; Russia advancing in the rear; and besides these two grand attacks, the subordinate hostilities to be expected on remoter points from Swedes, Neapolitans, and English. But with that rare exactness which seldom left him, calculating to a day the rate at which he should be able to move, ensuring the concentration of a sufficient or a superior force on points where it was essential to master resistance, the historian shows that from his camp at Boulogne he had prearranged the whole course of his operations and their consequences upon the enemy, and apportioned to each month its appointed share of marching, fighting, success, and occupation. Yet to accomplish this he had, besides his own forces, no allies except the chance of a small Bavarian corps and the little army of the Elector of Wurzburg, with the purchased neutrality of Prussia by the temporary deposit of Hanover. All then depended upon his celerity of arrival at certain points in such force as to prevail over whatever he found there—to throw himself behind the Austrian army at Ulm—reduce it—and then advance into the heart of their empire, before their reserves, aided by the advancing Prussians, could again gather head to resist him.

Never had any captain, in ancient or modern times, conceived or executed anything on so gigantic a scale. That is, never had such a master mind,



more free to follow its own will, or with a greater force at its disposal, operated on so great an extent of country. What in fact does one mostly see? Irresolute governments, who hold cabinet councils when they ought to be acting; improvident governments, who think of organizing their forces when they ought to be on the field of battle; and under their orders subordinate generals who can scarcely move on the limited theatre assigned to their operations. Here, on the contrary, genius, will, forethought, absolute liberty of action—all united in the same man and for the same end. It is rare to find an union of all these circumstances, but when it occurs *the world has a master*.

All the operations of that celebrated campaign, the arrival on the Rhine, its passage, the turning Mack's position at Ulm, his surrender, the advance along the Danube, the boldness of the design, the imprudence almost of the lieutenants who executed, turning their very recklessness to account, and thereby foiling and checking the paralyzed enemy, are detailed with masterly spirit and force. The Austrian general's infatuation was no doubt unprecedented; he could not believe that the French army was in a mass in his rear in the north-west, while all his attention was directed westward to the Black Forest. "*La police militaire*," is M. Thiers' caustic remark, "*comme la police civile, ment, exagère, se contredit*." The master mind discerns the drift and sifts all the intelligence picked up by the staff corps and brought from the outposts—the weaker understanding is bewildered,—"more especially if there has been a favorite notion that the enemy is to be expected in one particular quarter; every information is then interpreted in that sense, and thus are produced those capital errors which sometimes ruin armies and empires." An evasion towards the Tyrol, leaving of course the capital of the monarchy to its fate, might have been attempted by Mack, though hazardous when followed by such an army as would have pressed upon his rear; or a desperate rush to break out of the circle that hemmed him, and to regain Bohemia; but Mack could embrace neither alternative. He had weakened his force by detaching part of it uselessly towards Memmingen—the Archduke Ferdinand broke away from him with 6,000 or 7,000 more, leaving the general-in-chief to shift for his 30,000 remaining men as he could. "*L'expérience enseigne que dans ces situations l'âme humaine abattue, quand elle a commencé à descendre, descend si bas, qu'entre tous les partis elle prend le plus mauvais*"—a feeling observation which all who remember the story of our own disasters at Cabul will readily assent to.

Ulm, therefore, with its 30,000 men, surrendered on Sunday, the very eve of Trafalgar. It is of course natural that a Frenchman should make the most of the exploits of his countrymen in the account of the latter tremendous defeat; and we are not disposed to find fault with him for painting in colors more lively perhaps than is quite correct, the performances of the vanquished. To one objection he is certainly open, in this as well as other parts of his history; he is too apt to

select individual chiefs for extravagant praise, and to deny to the subordinate officers their fair share of merit, whether in relating the actions of our own or of the combined fleet; not to mention an unmeasured, and we believe unmerited, contempt and abuse of the Spaniards. Many of the French ships were fought with desperate bravery. Of the state of the Bucentaure (the French commander-in-chief's ship) a touching picture is given; when, dismasted and unmanageable, Villeneuve wished to repair on board some other ship, no boat was left on board that could swim; the Santissima Trinidad was hailed to send one, to no purpose; the repeating frigate, the Hortense, remained motionless at a distance.

The French admiral saw himself bound to the corpse of his ship, ready to founder, no longer able to give an order or to save the fleet entrusted to him. He surrendered, and was carried on board the Mars, where he was received with the honors due to his rank, his misfortunes, and his courage—feeble indemnification for such a calamity! He had met then at last that sinister disaster—which he had so dreaded to encounter, at one time in the West Indies—later in the Channel; he had met it there, where he had expressly hoped to avoid it; and he fell without the consolation of perishing for the accomplishment of a great design.

Décès transmitted the news to Napoleon, already rapidly marching on Vienna; but in the midst of his triumphant successes experiencing the mortification of defeat at sea. From that time forward he ceased to expect much from the French marine. Mons. Thiers speaks of the "*silence ordonné*" throughout France on this distasteful subject, this untoward event—a magnificent proof of the absolutism of his power over the characteristic loquacity of Gaul; but there were reasons for this taciturnity.

Europe readily lent itself to the silence he desired to preserve; the tramp of his march on the continent prevented the hearing of the echo of the cannon of Trafalgar. Those powers who felt at their breasts the sword of Napoleon were not reassured by a naval victory, profitable to England alone, producing only a new extension of her commercial domination, which they little liked, and only tolerated from jealousy of France. Trafalgar then blotted out none of the splendors of Ulm, and, as will be seen, lessened none of its consequences.

His energy was carrying all before it in his German campaign. The Austrian capital occupied; Prussia, always slippery, disliking him much, fearing him more, was only waiting to see which was the strongest, had sent her minister Haugwitz to watch the *dénouement* evidently pending. He was well received by the French emperor, who, declining the presence of an inconvenient witness, invited him to set off that night for Vienna, adding, with studied carelessness, that he was going to give battle directly, after which, if he was not carried off by a cannon ball, he should be glad to see him again. The great master of the dramatic art fully understood how to impress every one in the fittest way;—thus inti-

mating that if Prussia resolved on war, her sovereign must play for the same stakes which he himself risked (viz., his life as well as power.) M. Haugwitz was carefully conducted across the field of battle of Hollabrunn, fought a fortnight before, and still dotted with the unburied corpses of his countrymen. Napoleon significantly advertising Talleyrand that "*il est bon que ce Prussien apprenne par ses yeux de quelle manière nous faisons la guerre.*"

Within a few weeks of his crossing the Rhine, the allies were overthrown at Austerlitz; the successor of the Cæsars came personally to sue for peace at the bivouac of the offspring of the revolution;—the Russian autocrat too happy to be permitted to escape to his northern wastes on any terms, with the remains of his army. No wonder that the realization of such successes should have awakened other and wilder dreams of ambition. Besides awarding the regal title to his allies, the electors of Bavaria and Wurtemberg, he fulminated a sentence of dethronement against the Neapolitan Bourbons, who had unfortunately declared at the wrong moment, in the hour of his apparent embarrassment. He provides thrones for his brothers—Naples for Joseph, Holland for Louis, a grand duchy of Berg for Murat, other territorial duchies and revenues for his faithful adherents, Venetian states and confederation of the Rhine for himself. No wonder, either, that others should have partaken of the intoxication too.

For men of calm and deliberate temper (if there remained any after witnessing such events) there was but one subject of apprehension—the known inconstancy of fortune, and, what is still more formidable, the weakness of the human understanding, which sometimes supports misfortune without quailing, rarely prosperity without committing great errors.

To add to his good fortune, Mr. Fox, from whose policy he expected such a tone as would, at least, have afforded him an honorable excuse for peace, had just succeeded his great rival in the government. The following character of Mr. Pitt's administration, which even to this day so much divides opinion in this country, as to make it difficult to obtain an impartial verdict from any one in a position entitled to pronounce a judgment at all, or impose it on others, will be valued as coming from one conversant with politics, sufficiently versed in our parliamentary history to appreciate its lessons, yet not blinded by his adherence to either Mr. Pitt's partisans or opponents, or the heirs of their passions, to prevent him from discerning the truth. The reader will probably assent to the whole of the reflections, not on the character merely, but on the circumstances in which Pitt lived, and the tenure of his power.

If one respects those ministers, who, in absolute monarchies, are able to rule, for a long period, both the weakness of their sovereign and the instability of courts, and to rule in their master's name over a servile people, what admiration ought one not to

feel for a man whose power, established over a free nation, lasted twenty years! Courts are capricious enough, doubtless, but they are not more so than large deliberating assemblies. All the caprices of opinion excited by the thousand stimulants of the daily press, and reflected in a parliament where they assume the authority of the national sovereignty, compose that fluctuating will, by turns servile and despotic, which the minister must captivate, in order to reign himself over that crowd of heads who fancy that they ought to govern. He must possess, in order to sway, besides the art of flattery which ensures success at courts, that other art so different from it, of eloquence—sometimes homely, sometimes lofty—which is indispensable in order to obtain a hearing in an assembly of men. He must have what is not an art, but a gift—strength of character, by which one succeeds in braving or controlling excited passions. Mr. Pitt possessed in a high degree all these qualities, both natural and acquired. Exposed for a quarter of a century to the impressive eloquence of Mr. Fox, to the poignant sarcasms of Sheridan, he stood erect and maintained an imperturbable coolness; spoke constantly with judgment, effect, and moderation; and when the sonorous voice of his adversaries was aided by the yet more powerful echo of events; when the French revolution, repeatedly defeating the most experienced statesmen and generals of Europe, exploded across his path "*Fleurus*," "*Zurich*," or "*Marengo*," he always succeeded in restraining, by the firmness and fitness of his answers, the too active spirits of the British parliament. With the exception of some financial institutions of doubtful advantage, he created nothing in England; he was often in error respecting the relative strength of European countries, and on the issue of events; but he added to the talents of a great political orator an ardent love of his own country, and an impassioned hatred of the French revolution. Representing in England not the aristocracy of blood, but of commerce, which latter liberally poured her treasures into his lap in the way of loans, he resisted the greatness of France and the contagion of democratic disorders with intrepid perseverance, and maintained order in his country without diminishing its liberty. He left it overloaded with debt, but in peaceable possession of the ocean and the Indies. He used and abused the force of Great Britain; BUT IT WAS THE SECOND NATION OF THE EARTH WHEN HE DIED—IT WAS THE FIRST IN EIGHT YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH. \* \* \* \* \* Mr. Pitt, so successful during eighteen years, was unhappy during the last few days of his life. We Frenchmen were avenged on this cruel enemy, for he might then have believed that our victories would last forever, he might have doubted the soundness of his policy, and have trembled for the future of his country. It was one of his most common-place successors, Lord Castlereagh, who was to reap the fruits of our disasters.

Few will question the force and truth of these remarks. Mr. Pitt's policy (after his abandonment of his reform views) was one of resistance to innovation rather than of organization and institution. In finance, statistics, and political economy he was in arrear of his age, and that age not a luminous one. From having been in his younger days the advocate of reform, the French revolution, by its excesses, drove him into the opposite extreme, and caused his name, long after his death, to be invoked

as a posthumous palladium by the Eldon school of politicians.

Unfortunately for the peace of the world, Mr. Fox, the opponent of war, followed his rival to the tomb early in the autumn of 1806, and the negotiations, without being broken off, gradually assumed a less accommodating character in the hands of our ambassador, Lord Lauderdale. The Prussian cabinet, in its weakness and irresolution, by turns deceiving and deserting every other, was deserted itself at last. Hanover, the price of her prostitution and the evidence of her shame, bringing upon her the contempt of the allies, confiscation and war from England, and eventually, to resume it, invasion and destruction at the hands of France.

But these matters did not reach their crisis till September. During the months that had elapsed since the return of Napoleon from his Austrian war, his industry had been prodigious and unceasing. The organization of the confederation of the Rhine, the control of which he wrested from the German empire; the fiscal resources of France also occupied his creative care. Determined, notwithstanding the prospect of peace, to be fully prepared for the continuance of vigorous war, he declared to the legislative body that for peace the income of the state should be £28,800,000, that for war £32,800,000. The year of peace (1802) had cost but £20,000,000; but since that, the reëstablishment of the monarchy, public works, payment of the clergy, and some increase of public debt, had brought up the minimum of expenditure to £24,000,000. He had reintroduced, as we have already seen, the principle of indirect taxation, a sort of excise producing £1,000,000; this was extended, and expected to produce £2,000,000. In addition to this salt was to be subjected to a duty—an unpopular one no doubt—but the proceeds of which were destined to supersede one equally distasteful, that of gates or barriers for the maintenance of the public roads. These tolls had produced an income of £600,000, but the treasury was obliged to contribute at least £400,000 more, and without attaining the object of having even decent communications, for which it was calculated that at least £1,400,000 was needed,\* and this sum it was expected to derive from the salt-tax. With these resources France could afford to spend annually £5,200,000 on her navy; £12,000,000 on her army; could maintain fifty sail of the line in commission, and 450,000 men in marching order. Far too much for the repose and safety of the world in his keeping; but who was to withstand him in France?—how was any opposition to fly in the face of power so solid and victories so brilliant? Add to all this the roads, bridges, harbors, and canals begun and prosecuted; the public monuments of Paris altered; the promulgation of the code of procedure; the establishment (on a new footing) of

the council of state, of the university, of the bank, the liquidation of the arrears in the finances; and M. Thiers is of opinion that all this, began only in January and completed in July, 1806, stamps that year as the most memorable of his reign for the interior. "What intellect," he exclaims, "ever conceived more numerous, vast, or profound designs, or effected them in less time? It is true we are arriving at the summit of that prodigious reign of an elevation without a parallel, and of which one may say in surveying the entire picture of human greatness, that none surpass it, even if there are any that nearly reach it."

This year, however, was to finish in the midst of a war more distant and eventful than any yet undertaken by France. Prussia, compromised with all the powers, and betraying itself, was at last compelled to take a decisive measure. Besides the wounded vanity of the court, its government was impelled beyond their power of resistance by the feeling out of doors. That honest German people, ignorant of the duplicity of their rulers, but indignant at the demeanor of France, and the language of the military quartered on their frontier, were anxious to measure themselves, and reckless of the consequences. It might easily have been foreseen that Prussia entered the lists too late; she was too weak and rash to count on victory after the reverses of her neighbor. However, as at Manchester in 1848, so at Berlin and Potsdam in 1806, prevailed the utmost contempt of the enemy, and confidence in their own resources and valor. An army of 160,000 men (just the 150,000 militia, *plus* the 10,000 regular troops desired by the Duke of Wellington's letter) were ready for the contest, without any more doubt of entire success than our free-trade statesmen here had in the efficacy of that remedy against the horrors of war and the present acerbities of mankind. After having basely submitted to accept Hanover, violently torn from the dominions of George III., becoming an accessory to this felony, a receiver of stolen goods, that court had the effrontery to fancy that in the face of such acts they could recover and preserve the honor inherited from the great Frederick. "Sad spectacle," says M. Thiers, in commenting upon it, "solemn admonition! There is no such a delirium as that into which the multitude conducts the wise, or that in which courts plunge feeble kings."

Their conduct added irritation to the dictates of ambition in Napoleon, who had already arrived in the neighborhood of the frontier when he was summoned (7th Oct.) to quit his position by the Prussian ultimatum. "What!" he exclaims, in a proclamation to the army, "are we, after all our glory, to abandon our allies, to return to our country like deserters? Soldiers, there is not one of you who will choose to reënter France by any other road but that of honor, or except under triumphal arches." The imperial dramaturgist thoroughly understood the effect of this language upon his followers; in the composition of epilogues to the plays already acted by his soldiers on the theatre of war,

\* Our turnpike tolls in England and Wales are a trifle over £1,400,000; our highways, not turnpike, cost £1,100,000 more; so that the French estimate for so much greater an extent of mileage was very frugal, labor being far cheaper.



of prologues to the performances for which they stood next engaged, he was unrivalled\*—himself a sort of ancient chorus for the information of the European audience of the progress of the representation, of the views of the artist, of the moral lesson sought to be impressed upon mankind, (breathless though not applauding,) heightened with all the effect of stage decoration and scenery.

Accordingly, the Saxon frontier was crossed by the French on the 8th of October. The Prussian forces were commanded by the Duke of Brunswick, a nephew and pupil of Frederick.

There are (says Thiers) some of those well-established reputations which are sometimes destined to be the ruin of empires: one cannot refuse to them the chief command—but the public, the minute after it has been conferred, perceives their insufficiency under their military glory, blames the choice it has imposed upon the state, and makes it still worse by weakening with its criticisms the moral authority of the command, without which the mere official order is nothing.

So it happened in Prussia, where this choice was freely blamed, and where, with a boldness unknown elsewhere, it seemed, oddly enough, as if liberty of thought and language were to originate in the bosom of the army. Instead of contenting themselves with defending the line of the Elbe, it was determined, on the advice of Prince Hohenlohe, the second in command, to take post far in advance, on the north-eastern slopes of the Thuringian forest, and there, their left flank covered by the Saale, they awaited the bursting of the storm. Napoleon could scarcely believe that their rashness should so well second his designs. On the 9th of April a partial action took place, in which Murat's cavalry routed that of the Prussians, at Schleitz.

"Après cela," writes Napoleon to Soult on the 10th, "quelque chose que fasse l'ennemi, s'il m'attaque j'en serai enchanté; s'il se laisse attaquer je ne le manquerai pas \* \* \* je désire beaucoup une bataille \* \* \* il a une grande confiance dans ses forces, il n'y a point d'impossibilité alors qu'il m'attaque. C'est ce qu'il peut me faire de plus agréable. Après cette bataille, (the issue of which appeared thus certain to the imperial writer,) je serai avant lui à Dresde et à Berlin."†

That same day, the 10th (Lannes') corps entirely surprised and routed at Saalfeld a division

\* Were we Celts instead of Anglo-Saxons, we could better understand this theatrical style, which, after all, was not more lofty than some of the addresses of O'Connell, so effective among the Milesians. M. Thiers might retort that our harangues on the anti-slavery agitation—on the reform bill—were quite as sonorous and stilted; that our ten-pounders and pot-wallopers were quite as unconscious of the real merits of the questions that agitated them as were the grenadiers of Napoleon of the sentiments to which he appealed. Our Judaizing materialism tends to deaden all enthusiasm. When some ardent spirit tries to revive it with a song of Sonnanuth, we overwhelm him with our pitiless ridicule.

† After that, whatever the enemy pleases. If he attack me I shall be delighted. If he leaves the attack to me I shall not fail him. I long for a battle. He has great confidence in his troops, so that it is not impossible that he may attack me. He could not please me better. After the battle I shall be at Dresden and Berlin before him.

under the orders of the king's brother, Prince Louis, who fell in the conflict. Hohenlohe, meantime, at the head of one of the armies, listening to the cannon fired in that engagement, and not free from some sinister forebodings, was unable to resolve on any decisive movement, whether of offence, support, or retreat;—sauntering about on horseback, questioning all comers and goers, but giving no orders. "Sad spectacle," contemptuously remarks M. Thiers, "the sight of so much incapacity and imprudence, pitted against so much vigilance and genius."

These two combats, though the actual loss in men had not been extreme, had destroyed the self-confidence of the Prussian officers and men. The presumptuous Hohenlohe, too late for success, in obedience to orders from the generalissimo, recrossed the Saale on his way to unite with the main army of the monarchy. The Duke of Brunswick himself, an old and prudent warrior, sharing in the general apprehension which had replaced the previous presumption, fearing the fate of Mack if the French should separate him from the line of the Elbe, commenced a retreat towards Magdeburgh on its banks. Hohenlohe, with 50,000 men, was to occupy the slopes about Jena, and cover the Saale and the line of retreat. Both were too late. Eighteen or twenty miles a day, encumbered with baggage, a court, councillors, civilians, was all they pretended to accomplish in presence of a French army, accustomed to traverse twice that distance when they had an object to gain. The great master whose voice it obeyed had so arranged his several corps under their respective marshals over an advancing front of thirty miles, that he had the faculty of amassing and concentrating, within a few hours, 100,000 men upon any point where there was either a resistance to be threatened or a blow to be struck. So about noon on the 13th of October he arrived in front of Jena. Lannes was there already; the two immediately mounted on horseback to reconnoitre. Some important heights were gained by the French sharpshooters after a brisk struggle at Landsgrafenberg, but a passage had to be cut by the sappers for the artillery. Napoleon himself, till far into the night, surveyed and assisted at the work, which was carried on by torch-light, and then bivouacked in the centre of his guard.

M. Thiers tells us, that the peasantry have since marked by a huge heap of stones the place "où ce personnage, populaire partout, même dans les lieux où il ne s'est montré que terrible, passa cette nuit mémorable,"\* reminding us of the exploits unfolded in their own national tales of the Niebelungen, or the dark traditions recorded of the resting places of the Evil One.

The French soldiers were forbidden to make fires, and their numbers and the extent of their position were unknown to Hohenlohe, who, confident that their main effort was directed eastward against

\* Where this personage, popular everywhere, even in places where he never displayed any aspect but the terrible, passed that memorable night.

Dresden, thought he had in his front only the corps of Augereau and Lannes, whose temerity he felt he could chastise if they molested him. The Duke of Brunswick meantime having reiterated orders to him to undertake nothing serious, he renounced all attempts to retake Landsgraffenberg, which Napoleon had snatched from him—becoming thus the most dutiful of lieutenants at the worst moment—for it was from this very issue, which he would hazard no assault to recover, that he was to receive the disastrous blow of the 14th.

The emperor, alert on that day before the dawn, was received with cheers, which, though nothing could be seen through the fog, first told the Prussians that the giant was at hand. Their courage and patriotism were of no avail against the ability and well-tryed discipline of the French under such a leader. Long before the close of the day the rout was complete; 200 pieces of cannon and 15,000 prisoners being left in the hands of the invaders. General Ruchel, one of the great partisans of the war, "the unwise but ardent lover of his country," who with a separate division of 20,000 men had been anxiously and for many hours expected, arrived too late to stay the rout, meeting with nothing but a race of fugitives, and slain himself almost directly he reached the field. The French cavalry galloping to Weimar swept everything before them; and on the same day Davoust at Auerstadt, though shabbily deserted by Bernadotte, fought, and with his single corps triumphed over the royal army under the Duke of Brunswick and the king. The latter, dispirited by defeat, was retreating upon Hohenlohe's army, which he still believed to be entire. Hohenlohe on his side hoped to rally his disbanded troops on those of Brunswick—the revelation of the double disaster drove every one, king, court, generals, officers, and men to desperation and flight. Even the victor could scarcely believe the extent of the triumph. "*Votre maréchal y voit double*,"\* was his reply to the aide-du-camp who brought him word that Davoust had with 26,000 men triumphed over 70,000 (in allusion to that celebrated officer's notoriously defective vision;) but when the brilliant deed was absolutely proved, his satisfaction was made known; the expression of it in the hospitals by Duroc to the wounded soldiers called forth the most enthusiastic cheers from these desperate patients, who, intoxicated with the glory they had won, declared they were only anxious to be restored to life to risk it again in the service of such a leader. On the morrow Napoleon took steps to profit by his victory with an activity unequalled by any other commander. After carefully concentrating before the action, he spread himself out like a net to envelope everything that was flying. Murat and Ney hurried next day to Erfurt. Their menaces compelled that place with 9,000 men to surrender. Of the fortresses (which, if properly provisioned and defended, might have prolonged the

existence of the monarchy,) Spandau was given up on the 25th; the folly of the government had not even mounted the guns, of which there were a sufficient quantity in the place. Berlin, full of munitions and stores, fell without a blow. Stettin, a fortified city, with a garrison of 6,000 men, capitulated to a force of light cavalry, mere chasseurs and hussars, a new and strange occurrence in war. In one calendar month from his entry across the Saxon frontier, by the capitulation of Hohenlohe with his remnant of 16,000 men, on the 28th; of Blücher, with 14,000 more, on the 7th November; of Kleist, at Magdeburg, on the 8th, with 22,000; the Prussian monarchy was annihilated; and "the king of a great nation, the second successor of the great Frederick, saw himself without dominions or soldiers." 100,000 men, says Thiers, were prisoners at once; 25,000 had been killed or wounded; and of the remaining 35,000, not one had crossed the Oder, all had disbanded, and fled across the fields to their respective homes.

Napoleon at Potsdam went to visit the tomb of the great king—the philosopher of Sans Souci, as M. Thiers remarks he was justly entitled to be called:

For he sustained with sarcastic indifference the weight alike of the sceptre and the sword; one might have said, indeed, that while ridiculing the neighboring courts he did not spare even his own people, had he not taken such pains to govern them well. But how strange is the concatenation which links, separates, mixes, and confounds men and things in this world! Frederick and Napoleon met here in a strange fashion. That philosophical king, who, from the height of his throne, had unwittingly made himself one of the promoters of the French revolution, now, laid low in his coffin, received the visit of that general of the revolution, become emperor, conqueror of Berlin and Potsdam. The victor of Jena paying his respects to the winner of Rosbach. Unhappily these returns of fortune were not her last.

The sword of Frederick was sent to the Invalids. M. Thiers says, in the respect which was paid to the spoil of this great hero, there was nothing that should offend the susceptibility of the Prussian nation. We think an inscription from the victor upon the trophy itself, denoting its inviolability in his eyes, would have been more generous and becoming. Cæsar would not even resume possession of his own sword taken from him in a battle with the Avern, but hung up in one of their temples; years afterwards, when it was shown to him, he refused to permit his friends to remove it, "looking on it," says Plutarch, "as a thing consecrated."

A remarkable want of discipline had, among other causes, prevented the Prussian troops from rallying or resisting—that demoralization, the fatal consequence of sudden disasters, of the overthrow of a great kingdom, had begun to extend itself among the pursuers—enveloping both the victor and the vanquished. "We had gained the very perfection of war upon a great scale, and we had already arrived at the limit where it becomes

\* The marshal saw double.

an immense confusion." For the imperial army, the intoxication of triumph, the love and habit of plunder produced its effects : as even in our own, the conquerors after Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo were insupportable to their allies and their officers ; how much more so the French, where the discipline was always more relaxed, and the distinction between officers and men so much less rigorously preserved than with us.

"That 160,000 Frenchmen, trained to military perfection by fifteen years of war, should have overcome 160,000 Prussians enervated by a long peace, is no great miracle to be sure ;" but what M. Thiers observes as justly wonderful is, "that the oblique march of the French army should have been so combined that the Prussians, constantly outflanked and overtaken during a retreat of 200 leagues, should only arrive at the river Oder the very day when that river was occupied by the hostile forces, and by them captured to the very last man." Well, indeed, might he say, that "after Jena the whole continent seemed to have escheated to the French army. The soldiers of the great Frederick had been the last resource of envy, when they were destroyed there remained to envy only that other resource which, alas ! never fails her—that is to foretell the errors that would be committed by a genius henceforth become irresistible : for it is unfortunately true that genius, after having driven envy to despair by its successes, undertakes itself to console her by its faults."

So indeed it seemed as other and vaster designs began to unfold themselves. The Russians, though not at hand, or in time to save their ally, were nevertheless approaching. Napoleon determined to advance into Poland—partly owing to his preference for offensive war—but as much perhaps from views, though not very definite, of the independence of Poland itself, that is, its erection into a vassal kingdom of his empire. The population of Warsaw was full of hope and excitement on the entry within the city, for the first time, of a French army, (a French prince had reigned there for a few months 232 years before,) and thither Napoleon himself repaired about Christmas, 1806. Here, however, the unusually mild season, in that generally rigorous climate, paralyzed his operations for some weeks : alternate frosts and thaws, the former very slight, had converted the marshy plains of the Vistula, the Narrew, and the Bug, into impassable bogs engulfing men and horses. Emboldened by the knowledge of his difficulties, the 80,000 Russians under Benningsen, accustomed to the hardships of their northern region, began to disquiet his cantonments. The season at the end of January had become more severe, the country covered with snow, and the ground hard, permitting the French to move. The first days in February were spent in manœuvres and partial combats, but the 8th showed the Russians resolutely posted at Eylau, awaiting battle with dogged obstinacy. Napoleon, placing himself at the foot of some trees in the churchyard of Eylau, directed from thence the operations. A tremendous fire of artillery, opened at half-cannon-shot distance by the Russians with

overwhelming numbers, and replied to by the French with greater skill and effect, raged for some hours in a landscape rendered lurid from the mixture of the flames and snow. The non-arrival of the corps which was to attack the left rear of the Russians kept Napoleon otherwise inactive ; but on its appearance with Davoust, he assumed the offensive, and sent Augereau with the 7th corps against the enemy's centre. The latter, sick of a fever, his eyes red and swollen, but regardless of bodily suffering, fell wounded after witnessing the almost complete destruction of his corps under the tempest of the Russian artillery. The historian exhibits to us a striking picture of this memorable scene—the marshal borne wounded as he was into the churchyard, and there laid down at the feet of Napoleon, to whom he complained, not without bitterness, of not having been supported in time. "A stern sadness prevailed in the countenances of the imperial staff. The emperor himself, graver than usual, but calm and firm, imposing upon those around the same impassibility he observed himself, addressed a few words of comfort to Augereau before ordering him to be conveyed for safety to the rear." All this in the churchyard, piled with the corpses of the officers and men who had fallen, in an awful snow-storm, a leaden sky fitfully lit up by the glare of the conflagration. Murat, however, and the French cavalry got him out of that scrape, just as that same arm, led by Kellerman, had done in a similar predicament at Marengo. "The time," says Thiers, "of our defeats was not yet come, and Fortune, rigorous at a later period for this extraordinary man, still treated him as her favorite." Ney, too, who had been at a great distance from the scene of action in the morning—Ney, whose privilege it was always to save the French army in these Russian conflicts, appeared on the left in the evening in time to decide the enemy on retreating at once. But the slaughter among the victors, even by M. Thiers' own account, was appalling. Nearly 10,000 French he admits to have fallen ; while the loss of the Russians was almost treble : yet on the 9th Napoleon was again in pursuit, and even threatened Königsberg. The rigor of the climate, however, protected the Russian armies from his enterprise, and difficulties of subsistence suggesting to him the inconvenience of occupying a position so much in advance of his resources, he commenced on the 17th a retrograde movement, having previously sent back 6000 wounded men in sledges, 150 miles towards the rear : he himself took up his quarters at the hamlet of Osterode, at an equal distance from Dantzic, which Lefebvre besieged, and Königsberg, the Russian head quarters.

Here he attended to the discipline and commissariat of his army, continued his diplomatic correspondence, controlled France, and watched all Europe ; embracing every variety of project, from the refounding of a kingdom, (Poland,) down to the corresponding with a secret police 1000 miles off ; projecting the further subjugation of a neigh-



boring empire for the spring, yet fostering art and science in his own with the enthusiasm and feeling of a patron of taste, and a vigilance equal to that of one of his own police officers : worried by intrigues and complaints among the members of his family, and yet amid all his greater cares condescending to correct their distant follies with his authoritative admonition. To king Joseph, who grumbled about the hardships\* undergone by the army in Naples, he writes, (March 1st 1807.)

The officers on my staff have not undressed for two months—some not for four. I have been a fortnight without drawing off my boots. We are in the midst of mud and snow, without wine, brandy, or bread—feeding on potatoes and meat; making long marches and counter-marches without any sort of comforts; fighting, generally with bayonets, and under a fire of grape-shot. \* \* \* It is absurd of you, then, to compare the places where we are with that beautiful country of Naples, where one meets with wine, bread, clean sheets, and society, even women. After having destroyed the Prussian monarchy, we are fighting against the Calmucks and Cossacks, the wild hordes of the North, who of old overran the Roman empire; we are making war in its utmost energy and horror.

He had, too, in spite of his victory and of his obstinate maintenance of his position at the gates of Russia, to counteract from thence all the false reports industriously circulated at Berlin, Vienna, and even Paris. The latter most disquieted him: stories were current of the immense losses sustained. "But what are 2,000 or 3,000 men slain in action?" he asks in a letter to Fouché.—"When I lead back my army to the Rhine, it will be found that very few are absent from the roll-call." We before alluded to the want of discipline: it seems that while Eylau was fought,

\* However, there is no doubt that some of the troops alluded to by Joseph did suffer, though in a different way from the army under his brother. The celebrated Paul Louis Courier, then a major of horse artillery, has left a somewhat ludicrous account of his own personal adventures, as well as the general character of the difficulties they encountered, in letters written from the scenes themselves. "J'ai reçu, mon général, la chemise dont vous me faites présent; Dieu vous le rende, mon général, en ce monde-ci ou dans l'autre. Jamais charité ne fut mieux placée que celle-là \* \* \* Il n'y avait que vous, mon général, capable de cette bonne œuvre dans toute l'armée; car outre que mes camarades sont pour la plupart aussi mal équipés que moi, il passe aujourd'hui pour constant que je ne puis rien garder, l'expérience ayant confirmé que tout ce que l'on me donne va aux brigands en droiture. Quand j'échappai nu de Coregliano, St. Vincent me vêtit, et m'emplit une valise de beaux et bons effets qui me furent pris 8 jours après sur les hauteurs de Nicastro. Le Général Verdier et son état-major me firent une autre pacotille que je ne portai pas plus loin que la Mantea, où je fus dépouillé pour la 4ème fois. On s'est donc lassé de m'habiller et de me faire l'aumône et on croit généralement que mon destin est de mourir nu comme je suis venu au monde. Nuleto, 10 Sept. 1806."

The Calabrian brigands \* \* \* "ils nous échappent aisément, non pas nous à eux. Ceux que nous attrapons, nous les pendons aux arbres; quand ils nous prennent, ils nous brûlent le plus doucement qu'ils peuvent. Moi qui vous parle, Monsieur, je suis tombé entre leurs mains; pour m'en tirer il a fallu plusieurs miracles. J'assistai à une délibération où il s'agissait de savoir si je serais pendu brûlé ou fusillé. Je fus même admis à opiner. C'est un récit dont je pourrai vous divertir quelque jour."

60,000 men were wanting from the ranks, of which only half were in hospital. "Les autres étaient en maraude,"—plundering three times more food than they used—30,000 vagabonds living at discretion upon the peasantry—"les uns vrais lâches, dont une armée, même héroïque, a toujours une certaine quantité dans les rangs; les autres fort braves, au contraire, mais pillards par nature, aimant la liberté et le désordre, et prêts à revenir au corps dès qu'ils apprenaient la reprise des opérations." The dealing with this monstrous evil did not monopolize his energy. Nothing was too minute for his searching curiosity, for a suspicious habit, as his admirer observes satirically, "ne peut manquer d'arriver chez un maître absolu et nouveau."

He had learned that Madame de Stael had returned to Paris—that she had already, in more than one circle, made him the subject of conversational hostilities. So he determined to have her removed; and as Fouché, though ordered, was not to be entirely trusted for so delicate an operation, he desires Cambacères will have an eye upon Fouché, so that his wishes in that respect might be fully complied with. Meantime, some poetry and music has been composed in his honor; but the fastidious ruler, albeit without leisure to undress for a fortnight, found time and inclination to criticise the productions, and to order (such is the power of arms over the muses) the composition of others less fulsome, to receive them from Paris, to read them, thank and reward their authors.

Such, (says the author,) in the midst of the snows of Poland, were the occupations of that extraordinary genius—embracing everything, watching over everything, aiming at governing not only his soldiers and agents but even mind itself; wishing not only to act but to think for all the world—inclined mostly to do good, but sometimes, in his incessant activity, seduced into doing harm (!), as is sure to happen to whomsoever is all-powerful, and finds no obstacle to his own impulses. \* \* \* Sensitive, in the midst of an immense glory, to the puncture of a hostile tongue, and descending to persecute a woman for it on the very day when he could take the part of a member of the convention against a monarchical reaction. \* \* \* Let us rejoice, then, that we are become subjects of the law—of that law which is equal for all of us, and does not expose us to dependence on the good or bad will of one man, be he even the greatest and most generous! Yes, the law is better than the will of any human being! But let us be just to that will which accomplished such prodigious things—which accomplished them by our hands—which employed its fruitful energy in reorganizing French society, in re-forming Europe, in spreading throughout the world our power and our principles—and which, if it be not left us, that power which passes away, has bequeathed to us that glory which remains—and our glory may sometimes bring back to us our power.

Our space forbids us to dwell further on the preparations or the events of the rest of the campaign of 1807. All the resources of the Russian empire, even savages armed with bows and arrows,

to the no small surprise and amusement of the French soldiers, came to take part in the struggle; the very rear-guard of autocratic barbarism pitted against the "saintes bayonettes" of revolutionizing civilization, to be annihilated at Friedland. Then followed the treaty of Tilsit. Specious as that appeared, M. Thiers is no admirer of the political results, or of the new alliance there established between France and Russia. Alliance in point of fact it was none, beyond a mere compact that neither power should interfere with the designs of aggrandizement of the other within certain limits previously parcelled out. So far it met the views of two ambitious potentates, who were otherwise objects of jealousy to each other. But neither country gained anything by the alliance between states too distant to have in common any interests or points of mutual contact, still less could it be hoped that such treaties could ensure mutual aid against an enemy of either. M. Thiers however shows that Napoleon had early and constantly felt the necessity of some sure ally upon the continent. Spain, the usual *fidus Achates* of France under the Bourbon race, had been sacrificed at Trafalgar, and was, though humble and subservient, in the last stage of impotence and decline. Prussia had been fickle; Austria implacable. M. Thiers, however, thinks that his wisest policy would have been to have restored Prussia, nay, even to have increased her territory, using her as a barrier against Russia, and a check upon Austria. Such no doubt would have been the more generous course; but after having been defeated and brought down, would she ever have forgiven the conqueror who resuscitated her, or have owed to him her existence without harboring notions of revenge? We doubt it. But certainly it would have added more to the lustre of Napoleon to have forborne from dismembering the prostrate captive, and might even have conspired to suggest milder terms to his enemies in the days of his own reverses.

Listening only to mere selfish ambition, the conqueror disregarded the feelings of the people he had subdued, and thus ensured that rising of all nations which a few years later hurled him from his throne.

When, regardless of the limit of the Rhine, he mixed Gauls and Germans, and placed French princes in command of the Teutonic race; when his soldiers (after Jena) saluted him as Emperor of the West; he necessarily inspired an alarm of universal monarchy, a phantom which Europe dreads and detests, which she has combated, and which she will do well to oppose without ceasing; *but which she may have to undergo some day at the hands of the people of the north, after refusing to submit to the exercise of it by those of the west.*

For ourselves, while agreeing with some of the conclusions drawn by M. Thiers, we must profess our inability to understand the *limite du Rhin*, which he, and a large and favorite school of politicians (only in France) consider to be their natural boundary—geographically no doubt a very con-

venient one—but ethnologically there is no reason why the Teutonic race inhabiting the left bank, a race dissimilar in their language, habits, social economy, and traditions, should be violently and without their own consent converted into Frenchmen, forced to forget their own tongue, to be judged, taxed, and governed by strangers, speaking a language as foreign to their own as was that of our Norman invaders to the native Anglo-Saxons here. Out of a population of 31,000,000, Alsace and Lorraine already contain 1,400,000 Germans;—by the proposal which M. Thiers considers so modest and reasonable she would render tributary 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 more.\*

The summary with which the 7th volume concludes is a piece of brilliant eloquence.

If, in our opinion, all that was transacted at Tilsit was, notwithstanding its brilliancy, open to grave criticism, everything, on the other hand, is admirable in the conduct of the military operations. That army, which, transported from the straits of Dover to the sources of the Danube with incredible rapidity, surrounded the Austrians at Ulm, trampled back the Russians at Vienna, and finished by crushing them both at Austerlitz; after a few months' repose in Franconia resuming its victorious march, entered Saxony, surprised the Prussian army in its retreat, broke it in pieces at a single blow at Jena—followed it without respite—outflanked it—overtaken it, and captured it to the very last man on the shores of the Baltic. That army, which then, turning from the north towards the east, hastened to encounter the Russians, drove them back upon the Pregel, and only halting because impassable mire restrained it, afforded the unprecedented sight of a French army quietly encamped on the banks of the Vistula; then, disturbed on a sudden in its winter quarters, went forth to punish the Russians, overtook them at Eylau, and there fought with them, though dying of hunger and cold, a sanguinary battle—returned after the conflict to its quarters, and then again encamped on the snow, but in such a way that its very repose covered the operations of a great siege, (Dantzic,) fed and recruited during a long winter, and at distances at which all administration and commissariat break down, resumed its arms in the spring—and this time, nature seconding genius, placed itself between the Russians and their base of operations, forced them, in order to reopen their way to Königsberg, to pass a river in its front—thrust them into it at Friedland—and thus terminated by an immortal

\*Population on the left bank of the Rhine, and which would become French were the river the boundary:—

Prussia,	{ Dusseldorf,	377,350	
	{ Cologne,	1,504,488	
	{ Oldenburg,	20,000	
Bavaria,	Circle of the Rhine,	595,192	
Hesse Darmstadt,	Rhenish Hesse Mayence,	218,076	
Holland,	Grand Duchy of Luxembourg,	500,000	
Belgium,	Part of Luxembourg,	4,000	
			3,219,106
Belgium,	{ East and West Flanders	1,200,000	
	{ Antwerp,	327,000	
	{ Lunberg and Brabant,	500,000	
			2,027,000
France contains already—			5,246,106
Alsace,	Haut Rhin,	535,000	
	Bas Rhin,	409,000	
	Vosges,	427,894	
			1,371,894
In all she would have			6,618,000
And Switzerland?			

victory on the very banks of the Niemen, an expedition the longest and most daring, not across defenceless Persia or India like the army of Alexander, but across Europe, covered by soldiers as disciplined as they were brave! That is quite unparalleled in the history of ages—that is worthy of the everlasting admiration of men—that is what unites all the requisite qualities—promptitude and circumspection—daring and prudence—the art of battles and that of marching—the genius for war, and that of administration—and these things so different, so rarely united, always at command, always at the right moment for ensuring success. Every one will ask how was it possible to display so much prudence in war, and so little in diplomatic policy? And the reply is easy—Napoleon conducted his wars with his genius—his policy with his passions.

Highly as we think, in many respects, of this work, it is, after all, a reflection of the political character of its author—showy, ambitious, fluctuating, full of a lucid philosophy of observation, advocating moderation only because taught by stern experience that mankind always end by revolting from the extreme abuse of power—but this is its highest aim; the pervading principle is one of expediency alone—the loftier one of morality, the doing as you would be done by, seems not to enter into the imagination of the historian as a rule of action for the prince or politician. England has amassed riches—England possesses colonies—elements of influence and power—objects of jealousy. France must possess them too. She has not within her the commercial and colonial faculties—she tries to procure those things ready made—to obtain them by force, by violence, which is fatal to her aspirations. The mere circumstance of her rival being in possession of an Indian empire is gravely put forward by M. Thiers as a reason, in sound policy and justice, for the expedition to Egypt. Because certain millions of Hindoos acknowledge the sway that has been gradually extended over them in Asia, are there protected in their lives, families, religion, and possessions—certain other millions of men, a thousand miles removed from the former, are to be transferred from rulers of their own creed, habits, and blood, to the fostering care of a French army of occupation—the horrors of Mount Atlas are to be repeated along the banks of the Nile. We have already attended to the Rhine, and the desperate covetousness of France for appropriating to herself the 6,000,000 of men of German blood that are to be found on its left bank; an instance of utter contempt for national feelings unbecoming the advocate of the revolution, and the eloquent pleader for the rights of the millions *versus* the domination of the units. The violence done to other men's feelings, whether by a despot who has inherited his power from his forefathers, or by a strange prefect or police officer imposed upon them by force of arms yesterday, is equally culpable; nay, of the two it is more revolting in the revolutionary emissary, since he is false to the principle he professes, an unbeliever in the

creed he persecutes others for rejecting. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the first French revolution itself has been visited with some of the severest though indirect strictures by the hand of its professed admirer; that its earlier and more legitimate objects are shown to have gradually but unavoidably led to violence and excesses, subjecting, by the tyrannical reaction which they inspired, the heroes of a temporary liberty to live for years the servants of a despotism as rigorous and more exacting than that of any of the Bourbon kings, but with this distinction for the worse, that the political organization, the whole internal frame-work of society, was annihilated. The extraordinary man who, in this writer's opinion, had carried her to the zenith of her glory near the point where his history pauses, astonishing the world by his daring, mystifying his cotemporaries by his personal ascendancy, but aware that his power rested mainly on his successful and continued appeals to the vanity of his countrymen—adopted as a principle the furtherance of revolutionary principles which he hated, among strong neighboring nations which it was his policy to weaken; in order that by ruining existing institutions, and loosening those ties which bound their inhabitants to each other, their station, and their country, they might be incapacitated from resistance to his own. During those years France performed prodigies of valor, and acquired a deathless name in every country into which she had intruded her arms; but, on the other hand, she governed without inspiring confidence, and she fell without a single expression of sympathy from the rest of Europe.

ORIGIN OF THE HOUSE OF RUSSELL.—John Russell, a plain gentleman residing near Bridport, county of Dorset, obtained a favorable introduction to court by a piece of good fortune. The archduke Philip of Austria, having encountered a violent hurricane in his passage from Flanders to Spain, was driven into Weymouth, where he landed, and was hospitably received by Sir Thomas Trenchard, a gentleman of the neighborhood. Sir Thomas Trenchard apprized the court of the circumstance, and in the interim, while waiting for instructions what course to follow, he invited his cousin, Mr. Russell, to wait upon the prince. Mr. Russell proved so agreeable a companion, that the archduke desired him to accompany him to Windsor. He was there presented to the king, Henry VII., who likewise was so well pleased with Mr. Russell, that he retained him as one of the gentlemen of the privy chamber. Being subsequently a companion of the prince, he so far ingratiated himself into young Tudor's favor, that he got elevated to the peerage, under the title of Baron Russell of Cheneys. In the next year, 1540, when the church lands were seized, Henry gave his favorite the Abbey of Tavistock, with the extensive possessions belonging thereto. In the next reign, Russell's star being still in the ascendant, young Edward, not sixteen, gave him the monastery of Woburn. In Charles II.'s time, William, the fifth earl, was made Duke of Bedford.—*From the Right of the Aristocracy to the Soil Considered.*



From Chambers' Journal.

## THE TUBE BRIDGE.

THERE are men who are in raptures with the engineering skill which reared the pyramids, built Baalbec, and adorned Petra, but turn with a smile of pity to the "puny efforts," as they call them, of modern times. If the eye of such persons rests upon this page, let them accompany us while we describe one of the most surprising and stupendous efforts of modern engineering enterprise—the Tube Bridge—and they will become acquainted with a work which Egypt and the ancients might have been proud of, but could never have executed. Conway and the Menai Straits have already become celebrated by the elegant and romantically-placed suspension bridges which have long been their great attraction to tourists. At the latter position, indeed, a work of almost unparalleled magnitude and formidable difficulty existed—a vast monument to the talent and perseverance of one of our greatest engineers—the Menai bridge. And the suspension bridge at Conway, though less in size, yet presents us with a work of constructive skill certainly not inferior to its more vast competitor, and deriving a peculiar charm from its points of support being portions of the old and massive ruins of Conway Castle. Both these places are destined to receive a new attraction, and to become the scenes of a fresh and more memorable triumph of mind over matter, of human skill over natural obstacles. Although the preparations for the greatest of these undertakings—the Britannia Tubular Bridge—are far advanced, and large portions of it are already completed—there being no doubt that the whole structure will be at no distant period fixed, and in full work—yet as the Conway Tube is the only one which is perfected as yet, and upon which actual working has commenced, we shall confine our account to this alone. But it may be mentioned that both of these tubular bridges—although the one at Conway is inferior in proportions and in weight to the Britannia—are constructed on similar principles, and are in other respects alike, both in their object and form, and in the mechanical adjustment by means of which they are placed *in situ*.

The idea of a tube bridge is one of those original conceptions which are the birth, not of an individual's life, but of an era. It is one of those truly unique and rare productions—a new and valuable fact. No one appears to have dreamed of such a thing before. Ingenious people, who take an unkind pleasure in pulling down the high fame of others, have found, as they imagine, the originals of suspension bridges in the rude contrivances of American Indians to cross a gully; but no one can point to a tube bridge as the invention of any time or country but our own. If, therefore, it can be truly shown that not only has a novel system been discovered, but also that it possesses such advantages in an engineering point of view as are possessed by none other previously discovered, Mr. Stephenson the engineer may be fairly pointed to

as one of those illustrious men in whom a happy union of originality of talent, with indomitable patience in working out its conceptions, has largely added to the resources of science, and, by necessary consequence, largely benefitted the human race. All sorts of forebodings, and these, as indeed is only too commonly the case, from men of preëminent practical skill and scientific attainments, foretold certain failure to the daring enterprise which proposed to cast a huge tube over a strait, that men might travel in security through its interior. The proposition also to construct this great aerial tunnel of wrought iron was entirely novel, and it remained for time, experience, and experiment, to show its applicability to the purpose in question.

From what we have been able to gather, it appears that Mr. Robert Stephenson at first conceived the idea that a tube bridge of the circular form would be the strongest, but being unable, in consequence of numerous professional avocations, to undertake personally to carry out the requisite experiments, he committed this important task to the able hands of Mr. Fairbairn of Manchester, under his own immediate inspection. Much credit is due to this distinguished mechanist for the experiments which he instituted with a view to ascertaining the proper principles on which to compose such a structure, particularly with respect to the two grand conditions of strength and lightness.\* Having so far satisfied himself on these points, he constructed a model tube on a large scale, containing nearly all the features of the proposed bridge. The form of a circular tube was found defective in many respects, and the idea of constructing the bridge of that form was soon abandoned. Tubes were also constructed of elliptical and rectangular forms, with various results. Eventually a square tube was decided upon; and the investigations were now continued, to evolve the principles upon which this form might be rendered of sufficient strength to resist vertical and lateral violence. At first, Mr. Fairbairn conceived that the strongest form would be one in which the top and bottom of the tube consisted of a series of pipes arranged in a hollow compartment, covered above and below by iron plates rivetted together, and having a parallel direction to the long axis of the tube. By this means great rigidity would be communicated to the top, to resist the immense compression it would necessarily endure; and the bottom would be equally strong, to resist the tension which it would be subject to. And this form would probably have been adopted, but for several serious practical difficulties which presented themselves to its construction, and to its repair, if accidentally damaged.

The model tube, the form of which was to be adopted in the large scale, was finally formed of a square shape, with longitudinal cellular compartments, also square, at the top and bottom. The scale was exactly one sixth of the bridge across

\*Some claims have been made for Mr. Fairbairn with regard to the invention of the Tube Bridge. We feel it to be our duty merely to intimate the fact.—ED.

one of the spans of the Menai Straits; it was also one sixth of the depth, one sixth of the width, and, as nearly as possible, one sixth of the thickness of the iron plates. Thus it was 80 feet long, 4 feet 6 inches deep, 2 feet 8 inches wide, and rested on two supports, the distance between which was 75 feet. The entire weight of this large model was between 4 and 5 tons. It was now subjected to the severe experiments which were to test its strength. The weight was attached to its centre, and increased ton by ton, the deflection being carefully noted, together with the entire weight of the load. After three experiments, in which various defects were discovered, the conclusion arrived at of the extreme point of resistance of the model tube placed it at about 56 tons; in other words, its breaking weight was 56.3 tons. This result proved highly satisfactory, and exhibits in a remarkable manner the extraordinary resistance offered by a tube of this construction to a load more than eleven times its own weight. Mr. Fairbairn adds, that it is probably not overrating the resisting powers of this tube to state that hollow beams of wrought iron, constructed on the same principle, will be found, whether used for bridges or for buildings, about *three times stronger* than any other description of girders. The principles for the construction of the great bridge were thus satisfactorily determined, and the accuracy of the engineer's conjectures as to this method of bridge-building was fully established.

In the early part of 1847, the Conway Tube Bridge was commenced. Those who are familiar with the picturesque scenery of the river Conway will readily remember the romantic position of the suspension bridge. The site for the new bridge is very near it, the one end abutting against the foot of the venerable ruin, whose time-defying towers rear themselves above it; the other resting on an artificial structure, of a castellated aspect, on the opposite side of the river, from whence the railway shoots into the interior of the country. The site of the bridge was not, however, convenient for the purpose of constructing the tube; and advantage was consequently taken of a less precipitous part of the river's bank, about a hundred yards or so from the permanent position of the bridge. There, upon a piece of level ground projecting some distance into the river, workshops and a steam-engine were erected, and an immense platform constructed on piles driven into the ground, and partly into the bed of the river, and forming a temporary pier. At high water, the tide was nearly level with the bottom of the tube. Altogether, about twelve months were occupied in the construction of the tube. When completed, and resting on its massive platform, with the crowds of busy workmen, the clattering of hammers, the hum of the workshop, the fuming chimney, the vast pontoons, all contributed to make the scene one of the most interesting and anomalous that was ever witnessed; especially when the peculiarity of the situation is remembered—the calm river floating idly by, and the old castle, the work

of hands long since crumbled to dust, and of instruments long since eaten to rust, looking, as it were, in astonishment on the whole; while a crowd of Welsh peasants incessantly gaped with amazement at the idea of putting a long iron chest over their ancient river.

The tube was at length complete; and now remained the herculean undertaking of dragging it to its position, and lifting it up to its proper elevation. This was the most anxious and arduous task of all. What if the cumbrous mechanism contained some hidden defects? What if, when being lifted, something were to give way, and the vast structure come down, and crush itself and everything before it into a heap of ruins? Not only fame, but life and property, hung upon the skill of one or two men. On Monday, March 6, 1848, the great experiment was made. The tube had been made to rest upon two temporary stone piers, by the removal of some of the piles supporting the platform on which it was built. Six immense pontoons, 100 feet long, and of proportionable breadth and height, were then hauled up to the platform, and floated, three at each end of the tube underneath it; they were properly lashed together, and secured. High tide served a little after eleven in the forenoon; all things were therefore got ready to take full advantage of this circumstance. As the tide rose higher and higher, the feverish anxiety of the spectators and parties concerned rose in geometric progression. The great pontoons rose too, until they touched the bottom of the tube, and began to bear up its tremendous weight. The favorable moment having arrived, the pumps were set to work, and the pontoons emptied of a large volume of water purposely introduced into them. As this water was discharged, they rose higher and higher, until at length, to the vast relief of a crowd of spectators, the immense mass floated clear off the platform on which it had rested for a whole year. It was still some distance from its resting-place; but the sides being properly shoved up, the whole structure—with the chief, the assistant, and the resident engineers standing together, with two or three other gentlemen, in a sort of triumphal position upon its summit—was set in motion by means of strong hawsers worked by capstans, and attached to different places. It was guided in its slow career by chains connected with buoys placed at intervals in its route. At length it was dragged to its proper position; and resting under the receding influence of the tide upon two stone beds prepared for its reception on each side, it now appeared as a great unwieldy box crossing the transparent waters of the river, and offering a barrier to navigation. All this momentous operation was the work of a few hours, and was conducted with the most complete success, its happy termination being the signal for three uproarious cheers. In the natural enthusiasm of the moment, we are told that one of the leading directors of the movements of the fabric smashed his speaking-trumpet, and flung it as a useless instrument into the wondering Conway!

Having accompanied the tube thus far on its progress, we may now pause before proceeding to relate the method of its elevation, and detail a few necessary particulars as to its construction. The tube is formed of wrought-iron plates from 4 to 8 feet long, and 2 feet wide. The thickness of these plates which enter into the formation of the sides is toward the extremities diminished to five eighths of an inch. These plates are rivetted firmly together to T-angle iron ribs on both sides of the joints. The beautiful regularity of the rivets gives the tube somewhat the character of a regular ornament. We have been informed that this appearance is due to the ingenious manner in which the plates were punched. The number of holes necessary to be made in so enormous a surface must of course be very great, and it became therefore expedient to devise some means of punching them, which would at once insure regularity of position and expedition in execution. Most of our readers are probably familiar with the ingenious Jacquard machine. Messrs. Roberts adopted the principle of this contrivance, and succeeded in perfecting a most powerful punching-engine, which performed its work with incomparable accuracy and despatch. By its means the enormous number of plates composing this structure have been perforated with a precision and speed themselves an engineering marvel. The ceiling of the tube is composed of eight cellular tubes, each of which is about 20 inches in width, and 21 high; these cells are likewise formed of wrought-iron plates, which are three quarters of an inch thick in the middle, and half an inch towards the ends of the tube. The joints of these plates are strengthened like the others. The floor of the tube contains six cellular tubes, about 27 inches in width, and 21 high, formed as above, with the addition of a covering plate of iron over every joint on the under-side of the tube. The sides are united to the ceiling and floor by double angle irons within and without. The entire length of this great tunnel of iron is 412 feet; it is 14 feet in extreme width; it is also a little higher in the middle than at each end, being 22 feet 3 inches high at the ends, and 25 feet in the middle; this, however, includes the diameter of the cells top and bottom. Each end of the tube, where it rests upon the masonry, is strengthened by cast-iron frames to the extent of about 8 feet of the floor. The entire weight of this stupendous piece of iron-work is about 1300 tons! The sensitiveness of such a mass of metal to alterations in atmospheric temperature must be very great, and unless especially provided against, would, slight as the cause may appear, soon produce the most destructive effects upon the solidity of the whole structure. Some who read this account may not be able to form a proper estimate of the power exerted by metal expanding or contracting under changes of temperature; but in illustration, it may be mentioned that hot-water pipes incautiously placed so as to abut against a wall at each end, have on more than one occasion almost pushed the wall down, so soon as the circulation of hot water was established in

them. The expansions and contractions of so long and large a metallic mass must necessarily be very considerable, and they were provided for by a very ingenious and simple contrivance. The ends of the tube rest upon twenty-four pair of iron rollers, connected together by a wrought-iron frame. The tube is also partly suspended to six cast-iron beams, underneath the extremities of which are twelve gun-metal balls six inches in diameter. These contrivances act like castors to the ponderous machine, and facilitate its contractions or expansions as they severally may occur. We have a fancy that this great tube might be made to serve the purpose of a huge *thermometer*, by attaching some simple leverage and dial-plates to its extremities; and we are sure that important practical results might be attained by the adoption of our suggestion as to the expansibility of large masses of iron exposed to the vicissitudes of our climate—results, the grand scale of which would render them available for all similar undertakings in future.

The iron colossus is in its place; but by what gigantic upheaving power is it to be lifted 20 or 24 feet high into the air, and held there until its permanent bed is all ready to receive it? The mass to be lifted is upwards of 400 feet long, and weighs about 1300 tons! Can it be done? is the very natural question which presents itself to the mind. At each end of the tube is the iron answer—in a couple of steam-engines and two hydraulic rams. It appears that the task of elevating this vast fabric was intrusted by Mr. Stephenson to the talented hydraulic engineers, Messrs. Easton and Amos. At each pier, resting upon massive bearing-girders of cast-iron, solidly imbedded in the masonry, was placed a large hydraulic ram. This machine consisted of a cylinder 3 feet in diameter to the outside, with a cylindrical cavity of about a foot and a half in diameter, so that the actual thickness of this powerful cylinder was *nine inches* of solid iron all round! In it was the "ram," a cylindrical mass of solid iron 18 inches or so in diameter, so that it did not fit the cylinder quite accurately, but left a vacancy for the passage of water to the bottom. Attached to the top of this ram is a transverse piece of metal called a "cross-head," 2 square feet thick, with two square apertures, through which the great chains which are to lift the mass are passed and secured. The chains consisted of flat bars of wrought-iron about 6 feet in length, 1½ inch thick, and 7 inches wide. Each ram lifted two chains composed of nine links, containing eight bars in the upper links, but four only in the lower. The stroke of the ram was 6 feet—that is, it lifted the tube 6 feet in its full range. In the recess where the fellow-tube is to be placed, a steam-engine of peculiar construction was erected, to whose obedient toilings the mighty work of raising the tube at each end was committed. These steam-engines were on the high-pressure principle, the cylinder being placed horizontally, and the piston-rod running completely through the cylinder at both ends, where it was connected with fly-wheels and the plungers of the force-pumps. The length of



the stroke was 16 inches. At the summit of the cylinder of the hydraulic press was a small tube, the internal cavity of which was only three eighths of an inch diameter. This tube was connected with the force-pumps. Regarded in itself, this little tube was the least imposing portion of the whole mechanism; and no one who looked at it by the side of the vastly-proportioned instrument it was attached to, would have believed that that tiny cylinder was the channel of a force equalling 700 or 800 tons! Could it be possible that this vast work was to be lifted by the direct instrumentality of two tubes with a bore the size of a quill barrel! Such are the wonderful results which the laws of hydraulic science have placed within our reach, bringing to our aid a power of such vast proportions as it never entered Eastern imagination to endow a geni or an afrit with.

All things being now ready, the lift-chains firmly secured to both ends of the tube, the steam up, and the workmen at their posts, the great operation commenced. The steam-engines acting simultaneously, and with equal velocity and power at each pier, the mighty structure began to rise. This was indeed an anxious moment, as the whole iron structure hung suspended by the hydraulic engines at each end. The engines worked with a will, as the saying is; and amid the buzz of voices, the rapid puff-puffs of the escape-pipe, the muffled sound of clacking valves, and the hurrying to and fro of swarthy mechanics, the Tube Bridge rose majestically, but with great slowness, into the air. At every rise of 6 feet the engines were stopped, and the chains readjusted to the head of the ram, and the top links removed. By a succession of such rises, the tube finally reached the desired elevation of about twenty-four feet, and there dangled in the air, as though a mere plaything in the hands of the two hydraulic giants. It was then allowed to take its permanent position on the massive masonry prepared for it; the anxiety of its erection was at an end; and the Tube Bridge lay across the river, a monument of the combined skill of British engineers of the nineteenth century.

Its sustaining power still remained to be tested. Carriages, heavily laden to the amount of many hundred tons, were placed in its centre, and allowed to remain there for two or three days; but the deflection did not, we believe, exceed an inch and a half, and disappeared on the removal of the weight, thus demonstrating its resistance and elasticity. Since then, it has been constantly worked; and the vast hollow, which a few months ago resounded with the deafening clatter of the riveters' hammers, now roars with the rush of carriages, and reëchoes in a voice like thunder the hoarse and impetuous expirations of the flying locomotive. The mathematicians still nurse their forebodings; but may God forbid that a work of so much skill and ingenuity, and the destruction of which would inevitably involve so fearful a loss of life, should become a mass of ruins! We do not share these fears; experiment has long since settled the ques-

tion; and we believe that nothing but some anomalous and unforeseen class of circumstances could injure the security of the Tube Bridge. The Tube Bridge is preëminently a work of our own era; it is one of those vast and complicated efforts of skill which no previous period of the world's history could command. Whether we consider the mass of metal employed for these structures in the positions above stated, or the cost of the undertaking, or the difficulties of its construction, elevation, and location, or the novelty of the principle, we are presented with a theme of admiration and astonishment which posterity will not exhaust.

From the Examiner.

*Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, F. R. S.*  
The third edition, considerably enlarged. Vol. 3.  
Colburn.

In one of the new passages restored in this edition, (indeed we confine ourselves altogether, in these notices, whether in our references or extracts, to matter which has not before been printed,) Pepys lets us into the secret of his success in his public employment at the Admiralty. Living as he does, he says, among so many lazy people, the diligent man becomes necessary, "that they cannot do anything without him." This is not a bad recipe, even yet, for getting on in a public office.

Nevertheless, the worthy man having a habit of wondering at most things, he is never sufficiently amazed at his own success. He thinks it a "very stupendous mercy" and a great "testimony of the goodness of God," that he should have arrived at such social eminence from the condition of a "mean clerk." Yet in the same entry he has a remark on the monstrous "fees" which then indicated the corruption of all public offices, and the facility of making money in them; and in an entry a few pages earlier he had recorded one of those many incidents of bribery which tell so amusingly against himself and in favor of the truth of his confessions. One Briggs, a scrivener and solicitor, has left at his house a very neat silver watch, which he is angry with his wife for receiving, "or, at least," he naïvely explains, "for opening the box wherein it was, and so far witnessing our receipt of it, as to give the messenger 5s. for bringing it; but it can't be helped." A watch, as the reader may know, has not been counted a necessary of life for much more than a hundred years, and Doctor Johnson tells us he did not own one till he was sixty; so we may allow a little pride to Pepys in his new acquisition. But Lord! as he says, to see how much of his old folly and childishness hung upon him still, "that I cannot forbear carrying my watch in my hand, in the coach, all this afternoon, and seeing what o'clock it is one hundred times, and am apt to think with myself, how could I be so long without one."

But there is another more characteristic entry even than this of the watch, which we must mention as a case of resistance to temptation. Two tradesmen whose business lie navy-wârd, being

"flagg-makers," go to Pepys, and with mighty earnestness present him with, and press him to take, a box, wherein he could not guess there was less than 100*l.* in gold; "but," he continues, "I do wholly refuse it, and did not at last take it. *The truth is, not thinking them safe men to receive such a gratuity from.*" He had thought it safer, the day before, to receive 500*l.* from a worthy contractor "for the service I do him in my victualling business." And he had much enjoyed a contribution of a few weeks' earlier date "of a fair pair of candlesticks and half a dozen plates which cost full 50*l.* and is a very pretty present." He is at the same time, in his own way, thoroughly conscientious, this worthy Pepys; and if he takes a bribe, (as to which he has always uneasy twinges such as nobody else in that day would have been troubled with in the least,) he is not content without doing duty for it. "Comes Mr. Downing the anchormith," says he, in one of his entries, "who had given me 50 pieces in gold the last month, to speak for him to Sir W. Coventry, for his being smith at Deptford; but, after I had got it granted to him, he finds himself not fit to go on with it, so lets it fall. I, therefore, in honor and conscience, took him home, and forced him to take the money again, and glad to have given him so much cause to speak well of me." So you see Pepys had an "honor and conscience" even in secret services.

What with all these resources, fees endless, and flowings in of gold coin-pieces as well as silver time-pieces, plates, and candlesticks, no wonder Pepys advanced steadily to the condition of a man of substance. "I did find myself," he says, in the autumn of 1665, "really worth 1,900*l.*, for which the great God of heaven and earth be praised!" Not long after, this has increased by 300*l.* more; "besides the Brampton estates;" and so pleased this entry seems to make him that under next day's date we find "this night I did present my wife with a diamond ring, *awhile since given me by Mr. Vine's brother, for helping him to be a purser*, valued at about 10*l.*, the first thing of that nature I did give her." But, alas! he finds it of evil precedent; for in the same month she importunes him to buy a necklace of pearl for her, and her petition being backed by her two maids ("which are both good wenches," says Pepys) he promises to give her one of 60*l.* in two years at furthest, and less if she pleases him in her painting. This makes her very assiduous in that accomplishment, and she gets the necklace duly. It costs 80*l.*; for meanwhile Mr. Pepys' gold has gone on increasing, till, when he is obliged to move all his goods out of the way of the great fire, he has in his strong box "about 2,350*l.*" of gold, besides money otherwise laid out, which gives him endless anxiety and trouble.

Mrs. Pepys herself has many drawbacks, one must honestly confess, from her pearl necklaces and diamond rings. That pretty and lively Mercier, that irresistible Pierce, that laughing jade and

play-actress Knipp, and Heaven knows how many beside, make her life very fretful and anxious, poor thing! Many are the entries "to Pierce's, where I find Knipp. Thence with them to Cornhill, to call and choose a chimney-piece for Pierce's closet. My wife mightily vexed at my being abroad with these women; and when they were gone, called them I know not what, *which vexed me, having been so innocent with them.*" The last touch is amusing. We see that in this instance at any rate he feels there was no necessity for him to ask what one of the passages still suppressed is understood to keep devoutly petitioned, "pardon of God and Mrs. Pepys." But yet, two days after, he feels that he might with advantage be more civil than he is to the lady who bears his name. She had a trick of telling long stories out of Grand Cyrus, certainly, "which she would tell nothing to the purpose nor in any good manner," and which, other livelier ladies being by, he would unceremoniously interrupt. But "this," he adds, "she took unkindly, and I think I was to blame indeed; but she do find with reason, that, in the company of Pierce, Knipp, or other women that I love, I do not value her, or mind her as I ought. However, very good friends by and by."

The volume we are noticing, nearly half of which is wholly new and very often of superior interest to that with which already we were acquainted, comprises the entries of two years; the *annus mirabilis*, the year of the plague and the fire, being one. These notorious incidents we pass, as for the most part recorded in the original edition; yet the curious reader will find infinite new touches relating to both in the matter restored, which wonderfully increase the reality and force of the descriptions. The fright about fire, which the great fire left, is most amusingly exhibited. Pepys is in a twitter when he hears of too much smoke in a chimney.

The year preceding that memorable one was also memorable to Pepys in introducing him personally to the king, and the Duke of York. He heard them talk, he says, and observed their manner of discourse; and, may God forgive him, he adds, though he admires them with all the duty possible, yet the more a man considers and observes them, the less he finds of difference between them and other men; though, again he protests, "blessed be God! they are both princes of great nobleness and spirits." Indeed, as we have before remarked, it is generally pretty clear that Pepys is very far from a sycophant, though he freely admits his weaknesses in other respects; and on the occasion of this introduction to the king, which was when the latter came to Greenwich on ship-building business, he does not scruple grievously to record the fact of his being the only admiralty officer in attendance who did not sit down to dinner in the royal presence. "Which, though I could not in modesty expect, yet, God forgive my pride! I was sorry I was there, that Sir W. Batten should say that he could sit down where I

could not." Of himself and this same knightly colleague (we adverted in a former article to their amusing spites and jealousies) he has remarked about a month before how pretty it was to see how they appeared kind one to another, though neither of them cared twopence for the other; and some few months later we find him elaborately describing the real mirth and affected sympathy with which he saw my Lady Batten on one occasion, in horrible foul weather, walking through a dirty lane with new spick and span white shoes, and dropping one of her galoshes in the dirt, where it stuck, "and she forced to go home without one, at which she was horribly vexed, and I led her." As between Sir William and Pepys, however, there is no doubt which was the most effective officer. There is nothing for which this diary is more remarkable than the honest and undisguised picture it presents of the public jobbing and profligacy then in vogue, side by side with trivial and amusing details on other matters. "It is an excellent thing to consider," he says, of the high people of his office, "that though they can do nothing else, they can give away the king's money upon their progress." In another entry he indignantly notes the Duke of York's jobbing off his old and incapable surgeon upon the navy as "physician-general of the fleet;" and in a third he describes himself writing a great letter to the king, laying open the ill condition of the navy, which he flatters himself "is as good a letter in the manner, and the worst in the matter of it, as ever came from any office to a prince." But a passage probably as characteristic and curious as any in the diary, and now for the first time printed entire, enables us to exhibit in the most sufficient way that odd alternation of seriousness and levity in matters public and private for which the book is so remarkable. The extract, in the first edition, ended at "without other answer;" all the serious reflection and amazing mirth that follows having been till now suppressed.

Sir G. Carteret, my Lord Brouncker, Sir Thomas Harvey, and myself, down to my Lord Treasurer's chamber to him and the chancellor, and the Duke of Albemarle; and there I did give them a large account of the charge of the navy, and want of money. But strange to see how they hold up their hands, crying, "What shall we do?" Says my lord treasurer, "Why, what means all this, Mr. Pepys? This is all true, you say; but what would you have me to do? I have given all I can for my life. Why will not people lend their money? Why will they not trust the king as well as Oliver? Why do our prizes come to nothing, that yielded so much heretofore?" And this was all we could get, and went away without other answer, which is one of the saddest things that, at such a time as this, with the greatest action on foot that ever was in England, nothing should be minded, but let things go on of themselves, [and] do as well as they can. So home, vexed, and going to my Lady Batten's, there found a great many women with her, in her chamber merry—my Lady Pen and her daughter,

among others, where my Lady Pen flung me down upon the bed, and herself and others, one after another, upon me, and very merry we were.

#### MONKEYS IN INDIA.

STRANGERS are very much surprised to see monkeys romping about on the tops of the houses in Madras, or dashing across the streets; and sailors, on landing, are greatly amused with them, and try to catch them, or hit them with sticks or stones; but all in vain, as they soon jump out of the way, and then show their teeth as if in contempt for the assailant. Some years ago these animals were so numerous, so mischievous, and so destructive to property, especially in pulling off tiles, and in stealing from people in the market and the bazars, that it was determined to catch the depredators, put them in cages, and carry them off to the distant jungles; for the people had a great aversion to kill them. After much trouble many were caught; but they were so very refractory, that some of them received a dozen lashes each, and were sent far away. Many of them found their way back again, and now the inhabitants are as much troubled as ever.

Within the last eight or ten months they have played all kinds of pranks in our house; for as we are obliged to allow the doors and windows to be open on account of the heat, they can very easily get into any apartment. I had the mortification to find one day that a young fellow had got hold of my Pilgrim's Progress, and had actually torn down the plate where the Pilgrim receives his "parchment roll;" and, as he saw me, he leisurely marched off, seeming to say, as he turned round to look at me, "Have I not done it?" Another rogue had no doubt seen some one use a tooth-brush; and he carried it completely off. My wafers they are perpetually stealing, and several times they have taken away the box. Nay, the steel pens were quite in their way; and one day, when I was nearly blaming a servant, it was found that a monkey was the thief. As for tumblers and various earthen vessels, I know not how many they have broken; and loaves of bread, if not watched or locked up, are soon in the hands of these gentry; and when the creatures have gone a short distance, they sit down to look at us, and then begin to eat. I ought to have said before, that they delight in my letters and notes; and, after looking gravely at them for a short time, they tear them to pieces.

Sometimes they get on the bed, and stretch themselves, then roll about in their gambols, and leave a plenty of marks behind. At other times they admire themselves in the looking-glass, and try to touch what they believe to be one of their own kin. Not long ago they broke one of them, and carried off a beautiful silver watch. They were soon on the top of a neighbor's house, and commenced their experiments; the glass was forthwith broken, the seconds' hand, which no doubt



astonished them by its movement, was torn off, and the other hands were served in the same way. The "tick-tick" of the watch was the greatest puzzler of all. The servants were after them; but no, Jaco could run well, and did not wish to part with his prize. A fine loaf of bread, however, was brought and placed at some distance, and pug could not resist that. He left the watch for what to him was much better, and the watch was regained though sadly injured. This unfortunate transaction, however, had only excited their curiosity; and they one day succeeded in dragging from a table a large old watch belonging to the writer of this paper, and carried it to the top of the house; but they were detected in their villany, and were frightened away.

"Well, but why not kill them?" say my young friends. I did shoot one, but I shall not soon do it again; he looked so much like a human being; his companions also made such a noise, and hooted me for days after; then the natives were much offended; so that I cannot try that plan again. Then I offered a large sum to any servant who would catch one; for I determined to make an example of him, and trim him up a little; and crop his ears and tail, so that others might be frightened; but all in vain. We got a large rat-trap, and put some bread on it. An inexperienced young monkey set at it; he was caught; but he worked hard, and his tapering head assisted him, and after some deep scratches, he escaped, and shortly returned with another to show him the machine. They examined it, and walked away!

The next day we tried again; and they so managed the matter as to carry off the bread. I procured poison, put on bread and butter and preserves. An old fellow seized the prize, chewed a little, then looked at me; put it out of his mouth, shook his head, and bid us good morning. A young fellow came, and he did exactly the same thing.—*Wes. Juv. Off.*

#### A CHRISTMAS BALL IN THE HUDSON'S BAY TERRITORY.

THE sound of a fiddle struck upon our ears, and reminded us that our guests, who had been invited to the ball, were ready; so, emptying our glasses, we left the dining room, and adjourned to the hall. Here a scene of the oddest description presented itself. The room was lit up by means of a number of tallow candles stuck up in tin sconces round the walls. On several benches and chairs sat all the Orkney men and Canadian half-breeds of the establishment, in their Sunday jackets and capotes; while here and there the dark visage of an Indian peered out from among their white faces. But round the stove, which had been removed to one side to leave space for the dancers, the strangest group was collected. Squatting down on the floor, in every ungraceful attitude imaginable, sat about a dozen Indian women, dressed in printed calico gowns, the chief peculiarity of which was the immense size of the balloon-shaped sleeves, and the extreme scantiness, both in length and width, of the skirts.

They were chatting and talking to each other

with great volubility, occasionally casting a glance behind them, where at least half a dozen infants stood bolt upright in their tight-laced cradles. On a chair in a corner near the stove sat a young, good looking Indian, with a fiddle of his own making beside him. This was our Paganini; and beside him sat an Indian boy with a kettledrum, on which he tapped occasionally, as if anxious that the ball should begin. All this flashed upon our eyes, but we had not much time for contemplating it as, the moment we entered, the women simultaneously rose, and coming modestly forward to Mr. W—, who was the senior of the party, saluted him one after another! I had been told that this was a custom of the ladies on Christmas day, and was consequently not quite unprepared to go through the ordeal. But when I looked at the superhuman ugliness of some of the old ones—when I gazed at the immense, and in some cases toothless, chasms that were being pressed on my senior's lips, and gradually approached, like a hideous nightmare, toward me—and when I reflected that these same mouths might have, in former days, demolished a few children—my courage forsook me, and I entertained for a moment the idea of bolting.

The doctor seemed to labor under the same disinclination with myself; for when they advanced to him, he refused to bend his head, and being upward of six feet high, they of course were obliged to pass him. They looked, however, so much disappointed at this, and withal so very modest, that I really felt for them, and prepared to submit to my fate with the best grace possible. A horrible old hag advanced toward me, the perfect embodiment of a nightmare, with a fearful grin on her countenance. I shut my eyes. Suddenly a bright idea flashed across my mind; I stooped down with apparent good-will to salute her; just as our mouths were about to meet, I slightly jerked up my head, and she kissed my *chin*. Oh, happy thought; they were all quite satisfied, and attributed the accident, no doubt, to their clumsiness. This ceremony over, we chose partners, the fiddle struck up, and the ball began. Scotch reels were the only dances known by the majority of the guests, so we conformed ourselves entirely to them.

The Indian women afforded us a good deal of amusement during the evening. Of all ungraceful beings, they are the most ungraceful; and of all accomplishments, dancing is the one in which they shine the least. There is no rapid motion of the feet, no lively expression of the countenance; but, with a slow, regular, up and down motion, they stalk through the figure with extreme gravity. They seemed to enjoy it amazingly, however, and scarcely allowed the poor fiddler a moment's rest, during the whole evening. Between 11 and 12 o'clock, our tables were put together, and spread with several towels; thus forming a pretty respectable supper table, which would have been perfect had not the one been three inches higher than the other. On it were placed a huge dish of cold venison, and a monstrous iron kettle of tea. This, with sugar, bread, and a lump of salt butter, completed the entertainment, to which the Indians sat down. They enjoyed it very much, at least so I judged from the rapid manner in which the viands disappeared, and the incessant chattering and giggling kept up at intervals. After all were satisfied, the guests departed in a state of great happiness, particularly the ladies, who tied up the remnants of the supper in their handkerchiefs, and carried them away.—*Ballantyne's Hudson Bay.*

From Chambers' Journal.

## JOSEPH LANCASTER.

JOSEPH LANCASTER, whose name must ever have an honorable place in the history of education, was born November 27, 1778, in Kent street, Borough Road, London. His parents were respectable, worthy people, but far from wealthy. In his early years Joseph was remarkable for thoughtfulness, and intelligence, and he was generally to be seen in some corner of the room with a book in his hand. When about fourteen he read Clarkson's writings on the slave-trade, which were just then issuing from the press, and they made such an impression on his mind, that he formed the singular resolve to go to Jamaica and teach the poor blacks to read the Bible. It was a wild scheme, and one that he knew his parents would oppose; he therefore determined to leave home without their knowledge. He started on his perilous enterprise with only a pocket Bible, a volume of "The Pilgrim's Progress," and a few shillings in his purse. The first night he spent beneath a hedge, and the next he slept under a haystack. His money was soon expended: but happily he fell in with a working man going the same road, who generously shared his provisions with him. None would have thought, had they seen the poor boy enter the city of Bristol, penniless, and almost shoeless, that he would one day become a powerful instrument in diffusing the glorious light of knowledge among benighted thousands. On offering himself as a volunteer, he was accepted, and the following morning was sent to Milford-Haven. On board the vessel he became an object of ridicule, and went by the appellation of the parson. One day when the captain was away, an officer in derision asked him to preach a sermon to them; and Joseph acceded to the request, on condition that he was allowed half an hour for meditation. At the time appointed he came on deck, where he found all the ship's company waiting to listen to him. Having mounted a cask, he began to speak of the sin of drunkenness and profane swearing—sins to which sailors are particularly addicted. His companions at first laughed heartily; but conviction at length fastened on their minds, and they hung down their heads, and one after another sneaked off. The sermon had at least one good effect, for during the remainder of the voyage he was treated with the greatest kindness.

Joseph's return home was brought about in a singular manner. A clergyman, stepping into Mr. Lancaster's shop to make a purchase, found Mrs. Lancaster weeping, and kindly inquired the cause of her distress. She told him that her son had left his home, and the reasons she had for supposing he had gone to the West Indies. "Oh come, my good woman," he said encouragingly, "take comfort; I am intimate with the captain of the Port Admiral's ship at Plymouth. I live at Clapham. Should you hear of your son, let me know." Three weeks after, a letter was received from the runaway, and information was immediately sent to their new friend. The promised interest was used in his behalf, and Joseph was ere long sent back, with a new suit of clothes, and money to pay all his expenses.

Joseph Lancaster's benevolent and energetic mind soon, however, found a fresh field for its exercise. He saw the ignorance prevailing among the poor of his own land; and though he could not anticipate the extensive good which ultimately crowned his labors, yet he determined to use his individual efforts for its removal.

Having time at his own disposal, he requested his father to give him the use of a room in his house, which would enable him, he said, to open a school on very low terms for the poor of the neighborhood. Mr. Lancaster readily complied, and Joseph set about the necessary preparations. He purchased some old boards, and manufactured them into desks and forms; the workmanship, it is true, was rather rough, but they answered all the intents and purposes for which they were designed. When completed, he reckoned that the outlay amounted to twenty-five shillings. The school was opened January, 1798.

Mr. Lancaster found that many parents were unable to pay even the small sum he asked, and he generously offered to instruct boys so circumstanced gratuitously. This greatly increased his school; and not being able to afford ushers, he felt it necessary to form some plan in which one boy could instruct another. This suggested the system of having monitors, which afterwards was so generally adopted. With Lancaster it was entirely a new idea, though it was subsequently found to have been previously practised by the celebrated Dr. Bell at Madras.

The room in his father's house was soon found to be too small; one place after another was hired; but the school became so large, that Mr. Lancaster at length had a suitable building erected at his own expense. It is said that he had no less than a thousand pupils—eight hundred boys, and two hundred girls. The following notice was placed on the outside of the building:—"All that will, may send their children, and have them educated freely; and those that do not wish to have education for nothing, may pay for it if they please."

The disinterested kindness of the young schoolmaster won the affection of his pupils, and they looked up to him as their counsellor and friend. During the hours of recreation he joined in their sports, often taking two, three, and on one occasion five hundred of them into the country. Then on the Sunday evenings he was in the habit of inviting a large number of them to tea at his house, where, after familiar and instructive intercourse, he closed the day with devotional exercises. About this time he joined the Society of Friends. We cannot pass over a circumstance which shows the benevolent regard Mr. Lancaster felt for the young under his charge. One season the scarcity and dearth of provision had reduced the poor to a sad state of want: he was not able from his own purse to relieve the distress from which many of his boys were suffering; he therefore made a subscription amongst his friends, and was by this means enabled to provide a good dinner daily for sixty or eighty of the most needy.

Constant association with the youths for whom he was laboring gave Mr. Lancaster an insight into character, and thus qualified him for the task of forming a system for their instruction.

The novel plan on which the school was conducted excited much curiosity and interest. Persons of distinguished rank visited it, and expressed themselves much pleased with its operations. Some of Joseph Lancaster's friends spoke favorably of him to George III., and his majesty intimated a desire to see the young schoolmaster.

"Lancaster, I have sent for you to give me an account of your system of education," the king said, as he entered the royal presence. "I hear you have met with opposition. One master teach five hundred children at the same time! How do you keep them in order?"

"Please thy majesty, by the same principle thy majesty's army is kept in order—by the word of command."

"Good, good," returned the king; "it does not require an aged general to give the command—one of younger years can do it."

Lancaster then proceeded to explain his plan. The king listened with attention, and when he had concluded, said, "I highly approve of your system; and it is my wish that every poor child in my dominions should be taught to read the Bible. I will do anything you wish to promote this object."

"Please thy majesty," Lancaster replied, "if the system meets thy majesty's approbation, I can go through the country and lecture on the system; and I have no doubt but in a few months I shall be able to give thy majesty an account where ten thousand poor children are being educated."

The king then promptly engaged to subscribe £100 annually; and turning to the queen, he said, "Charlotte, you shall subscribe £50, and the princesses £25 each;" adding, "you may have the money directly."

"Please thy majesty, that will be setting thy nobles a good example." This latter remark called forth a smile from the courtly train.

From this time Joseph Lancaster became a public lecturer on education. He travelled from one town to another, and in most instances was successful in overruling the prejudices and moving the hearts of the inhabitants, so far as to get them to assist in establishing free schools for the poor. These lectures led also to a more general investigation of the subject. On the 20th of February, 1807, Mr. Whitbread, in the House of Commons, said, "I believe the greatest reform that could take place in this kingdom would be to impart instruction to every man in it. A system of education has lately been formed, so simple, so cheap, and so effective, that the discovery of it is a great benefit to the world at large, and the discoverer, Mr. Joseph Lancaster, is entitled to very considerable praise." He went on to say that he was aware that prejudice and bigotry had united against him, but that he was convinced that his principles were true; that they would ultimately prevail; and that by establishing similar schools, education would be conducted at less than one third the expense which it at that present time demanded.

The necessary outlay in the establishment of the plan was so great, that notwithstanding the pecuniary support Mr. Lancaster received, he found himself involved in debts to a large amount; and in the summer of 1807, he was arrested. He wrote to several friends on the occasion, but all were afraid to involve themselves in the affair. One, however, Mr. W. Corston,\* left home with the intention of becoming bail for him; but his generous impulse was checked by the thought that other writs might be immediately issued. He felt that if he carried out his purpose, it would risk the interests of his wife and children; yet to desert a friend in the hour of need was distressing in the highest degree. He determined, however, to go on and make Mr. Lancaster acquainted with his feelings; this he did. When he had explained all, Mr. Lancaster, taking him by the hand, exclaimed, "My dear friend, I see thou art not to assist me this

time. Compose thyself; this will never make a breach of friendship between thee and me." Strange to say, the sheriff's officer who conducted him to the king's bench conceived such a high esteem for him that he became bail, saying he was sure he was an honest man.

In March, 1808, a committee consisting of six gentlemen was formed, who held themselves responsible for the debts of the society, and things went on more prosperously.

The following are a few brief extracts from some highly interesting letters he wrote to his friends during his tours:—"Woburn, 23d of eleventh month, 1807. I am now at Woburn Abbey, and dine to-day with the Duke and Duchess of Bedford and the Duke of Manchester. I am to hold a public lecture here, and he [the duke] has promised to attend it. I trust some good is likely to occur before we go. The day after to-morrow is my birthday: I am nine-and-twenty. I wish all my children [his scholars] to have a plumpudding and roast beef; do order it for them, and spend a happy hour in the evening with them, as thou didst this time last year in my absence in Ireland. Perhaps thou wilt have a plumcake or tart for my little unprotected infant on my birthday." "Free School, Borough Road, 26th of second month, 1808. The last number of the Edinburgh Review notices my plan of education very favorably, and complimented the king by saying—'His majesty's goodness will be remembered, and his name have the blessing of many a poor ragged boy, long after it is forgotten by every lord of the bedchamber, and every clerk of the closet.' This same review says my publications have a little of the 'Obadiah flavor' about them; but they, the reviewers, think that is all fair, and that Quakers ought not to be expected to write and speak as other people. So I forewarn thee that thou may possibly expect a little of that Obadiah flavor, and not be disappointed."

He goes on to give some details of his proceedings in Bristol, where he met with opposition from the very men from whom he had reason to expect the most cordiality. They predicted a riot if he publicly lectured there; and he gives the following ludicrous account of the effect this had upon him:—"The mortification of being worried, goaded, and even insulted by my own friends, (and there were some among the deputation I highly esteemed and loved,) was such as put me into a *pickle*, and gave me a fit of the bile. I was to go to a gentleman's to tea previous to the lecture. The visit from the deputation of Friends had made me very ill and low, so in haste and perturbation I went out without being shaved, and without a clean neckcloth. When at tea, I found I had come out and forgot to leave my beard behind me—I requested my friend to let me be shaved; for knowing I was a Friend or Quaker, I did not wish people to take me for a Jew. The important work of *shavation* once accomplished, tea over, and being furnished with a clean neckcloth, I unthinkingly put the dirty one in my pocket, and deliberately walked off to the lecture-room. The room was crowded, and the lecture attended with much success; but finding myself annoyed by the heat of the place when mounted on my rostrum, I felt for my pocket-handkerchief, and twice did I take out my dirty neckcloth to wipe my face with, to my no small diversion ever since, and probably of my auditors. Next day I waited on my friends, told them there was no riot, but a loyal and attentive auditory, and that their act, though only the act of individuals, and

\*Mr. William Corston published a life of Joseph Lancaster in 1840, with the benevolent view of calling public attention to the pecuniary wants of the bereaved family. To this life the writer is indebted for the information in the above sketch.



not of the body, was a stretch of ecclesiastical authority I did not expect, and to which I would not submit. But I had another cause of complaint against them—their unwarrantable interference had given me the bile; now I had a great work, and the bile was only an impediment which I wished to get rid of. As they had given it me when I had no business with it, I therefore begged they would take it again, and divide it among themselves, as they were *many*, and I only one. Such a division would make it light to them, and I should get rid of a heavy burden at an easy rate; but they did not accept my proposition—they only laughed merrily at it; and after all we parted in good-humor.”

“On returning from Canterbury, I went to Woburn Abbey, and there spent my birthday, where I had an opportunity of being introduced to the Duke of Manchester, whose Christian liberality was very gratifying to me. I gave a lecture at Woburn; and while lecturing, an impudent little black dog wanted to eat my pulpit. The Duke of Bedford had appointed a man to make all things ready for my lecture in the market-house. Just as I was going to begin, he says, ‘Sir, you want something to stand on!’ I said, ‘Yes. What shall I get?’ ‘Oh, the first thing that comes to hand will do.’ So what does he do but bring two or three squares of greaves or oil-cake for me to stand on. There might be some fear of my pulpit melting under my feet; but I did not much dread that, though it proved a little *slippery*, for I had stood in slippery places before without falling. However, when speaking, and the whole audience as well as myself deeply attentive to the subject, out came the dog, and began to nibble the corners of the *pulpit*, and certainly would have devoured some part of it, if a gentleman had not driven him away. I kept my countenance during this risible scene with the usual gravity; for if my muscles had relaxed ever so little, the audience would have soon been convulsed with laughter. Things once put in a train for a school at Woburn, I took leave of my kind friends, and travelled down to Bristol. My former lectures had been so well received, that the committee there intreated me immediately to give some more, and planned out four in succession. The Guildhall, the Assembly Room, and the Merchant Tailors’ Hall proving too small, the committee thought the best and only thing to accommodate the people, as a *broad hat* could not find its way into the church, was to take the large Methodist meeting-house, and here we had above four thousand persons! A *Methodist* meeting-house, a *Friend* lecturer, and two *chaplains* of the Duke of Kent holding the plates at the door, and forty guineas in small money in the plates, and myself telling them that fifteen years ago I came into this great city poor and needy, without a shilling or a friend! Now, after this long interval, I came to plead for such as I was (want of education excepted)—to remind them of their duty as Christians, not to leave one poor child, male or female, unable to read their Bibles now and forever—and come with a plan of education that had stood the test of experiment, and had the patronage of the wise and good of all denominations.”

In 1818, Mr. Lancaster went over to America to propagate his system there. He seemed to live but for one grand object—to impart knowledge to the ignorant; and no obstacle was suffered to obstruct his course. His motto was *love*; and he did not confine the heavenly principle within a narrow sect, nor permit it to be bounded by national ties. His

labors across the Atlantic were equally successful, and he won many a young American heart. He says, “When they see me, they shout, ‘Here comes our father!’”

Unhappily, Mr. Lancaster met with a sudden and disastrous death. He was run over in the streets of New York, when two of his ribs were broken, and his head was much lacerated. He was not killed on the spot, but died soon after, October 23, 1838. The disinterestedness of his motives is evident from the fact that he lived and died poor. He found the only reward he sought in the approval of his own heart, and in the satisfaction arising from doing good.

THE APPLE GIRL.—Day after day, with the regularity of a clock, a girl of fourteen, shabbily dressed and not over clean, has brought apples for sale into our office. She was here a half hour ago, and on going out a moment since, we found her seated on the floor in the entry by a window, lost in the pages of a book which she was eagerly devouring. “Where did you get that book?” we inquired. “I bought it at a stand, sir.” “What is it?” “A Fairy Book.” We smiled and walked on: thinking longer of the incident than might at first be supposed. She is leading a laborious life of poverty, compared with which all our trials and troubles seem but small, and yet in the midst of labor, perhaps of deeper anxiety than we ever experienced, she pauses and dreams the old dreams of fairy land, which we in our boyhood, and our fathers and their fathers, in young days, have revelled in. Forgetting the sounds of Wall street, the war of carts and engines, she reads fanciful tales of Ouphes and Sprites, and on the floor of our entry makes a “magic circle” for Queen Mab. What matters to her the exchange of millions of money or the gigantic transactions of the street? What if ships are laden and unladen, fortunes made and lost? What if newspapers are to be published; what if the prices of the auction room disappoint the sellers, or cotton and grain have fallen, or a steamer is below with news of wars and revolutions? She has no thought or care for all this. She is far removed from any effect of changes in the stock-market; the storms that shake thrones are in an atmosphere she does not aspire to; and the thunderbolts which overturn nations, strike on mountain peaks too high to be felt or heard by her. Her life is in the valley, yet she leaves it, and lives another life among the beautiful creations of fancy.

God has made none of us too low to dream, and none too high. The same book which occupies that girl’s mind on the floor, has once been the companion of the hours of some wealthy child, as its gilded leaves and rich covers (now stained and soiled) indicate. The lounge in a rich fauteuil or on a costly sofa, had the identical pleasure, no more or less keenly, than this poor reader of fanciful stories.

And what after all is the great difference between her and us? We all dream dreams continually, and our ambitions are too often schoolboy fancies, that we forget not in our lives. We grasp at bubbles which break in our hands, we pursue phantoms that fly before us and vanish only in the graveyard!

The girl is sitting there still, but her book has dropped in her lap, her head has fallen against the wall, one hand is on the book and the other on the floor, her bonnet is crowded somewhat over her face, but she is further off than before from all care, for she is sound asleep.—*Journal of Commerce.*

From the Spectator.

## WHIG AND TORY.

ALL mortality is touching. For transitory beings, it is a melancholy sight to view the gradual disappearance of anything, man or custom, work or institution. As the youthful Madame de Genlis wept to feel the declining strength of the mother that whipped her, so, no doubt, every Busby has had a sigh of tender regret for the youth that had been nipped in the flower of his flagellations. As even the stanchest whig must have mourned departed toryism, so the fading radical sheds a tear over departing whiggery. It is a melancholy thought, that perhaps we now look for the last time on a whig ministry. A degree of grandeur attaches to the idea of anything as the last of its kind. The blanketed and fantastic red Indian, sole relic of his tribe, stalks the peopled desert with the sublimity of a living past. It is not at all to be presumed that the last of the human species will be, in himself, nearly so impressive a personage as Mrs. Shelley's Last Man—nearly so bass and solemn as Calcott's vocal anticipation of that individual; it is not to be predicted negatively that any sort of man may not be the last—possibly a retail trader of London, or a shopman; but even supposing that he were in the butter and cheese line, it is impossible to represent to one's self the last buttermilkman, in the familiar tilted cart, going his rounds in a deserted world—the whole human race out of town—without a sense of awe. So also one views the end of the tory party, and watches the encroachments of decrepitude on the whig.

The one event follows the other by natural consequence. The Mohican was born to war eternally upon the Sioux. Upon what can the whig exist, except upon complaining of the tory? But the tory race has vanished; scarcely a specimen survives. Those that vaunt the name are spurious. "Young England" is no more a tory party than the huge portmanteau on the stage, with a little boy in each leg, is a real elephant; and Young England itself has "gone out" as completely as last year's pantomime. Bentinck is a tory, but under a metempsychosis which forbids identification; it would be as difficult to recognize the "sic volo sic jubeo" tory of the good old George the Third time in the modern persuasive protectionist, as it was to know the manly Tiresias in the young lady that he grew to be. Sibthorp may be accounted a tory, for want of a better; but he is an indifferent specimen: the types of the race were open-handed, and would have laughed at his dread of good salaries. Your true tory was a jolly paymaster, and would have spent his last guinea in a lump rather than be thought mean. Stanley is only a whig oversoured. Ellenborough is the best tory specimen in good preservation; Newcastle is a finer specimen, but a good deal passé. You see how rare the species is now: the black-rock will survive it.

The whig is becoming almost as difficult to find. Indeed, we scarcely know one complete at all points. Mr. Ward, the last spokesman for the

party, at Sheffield—who would take credit for saving and spending in a breath, vaunting the proof of "efficiency and economy" which the present government "*would be able to give, when it should have completed those great works traced out for it by its predecessors*"—who expected to be "tossed in a blanket" on going to Sheffield, for his whiggery—Mr. Ward, we say, is a favorable specimen of the ministry; but he is not a whig. His whiggery is not his nature, but an infirmity, as whiteness is disease in the negro. Lord Grey is an hereditary whig, but he is of no party except himself. Lord Lansdowne is a real whig, but the color is much faded. Palmerston never was anything but an official. The only true whig in full preservation is the premier, Lord John; and he is used up. Without "Reform" to agitate, or tory to antagonize, he is lost, and he can do nothing. He is as lost in the world as a ferret where there are no rats. He can scarcely get on from day to day. We quite understand the indulgence claimed for his government by a distinguished contemporary, and thoroughly sympathize with the writer. The *Examiner* is commenting on Mr. Disraeli's objection to the whig ministry for remaining in office although it does not possess a majority in the House of Commons; the house being split into three minorities—

It comes to this, then, according to the view of Mr. Disraeli, that the country would be without any government whatever in default of a commanding majority, in a state of opinion that does not allow of a commanding majority, dividing the public as it does into three parts. This being an inadmissible conclusion, and as we can only be governed the best way we can, it follows that, full of difficulty and discouragement as the position of the ministry undeniably is, it is nevertheless a necessity, and therefore a duty that it should remain at its post; and this brings us to the question, whether a government, surrounded with such difficulties and discouragements, for the existence of which it is not in any degree answerable, and from which it cannot with honor and duty fly, ought to be visited with all the bitterness of sarcasm for failures and miscarriages admittedly referable not to any deficiencies in the men, but to the peculiarity of their compulsory position? The answer to this question determines the sense or the irrationality, the fairness or the injustice, of Mr. Disraeli's elaborate attack.

For the errors of a government, impressed, as it were, to the severest service with scanty means, both justice and generosity would make large allowances—much larger, let us add, than are required in this case; for, considering the difficulties this ministry has had to meet, difficulties of a magnitude and complexity unmatched, and the disadvantages at which it has been placed through circumstances not without its control, accurately described by Mr. Disraeli, it is only marvellous that the government has acquitted itself as well as it has done, and that the catalogue of its omissions and errors has not been far longer and much graver. As the bad workman proverbially quarrels with his tools, so the good one makes the best of weak instruments; and if we find some lame and unfinished strokes, we do not condemn the hand so badly seconded, but infer from what is done what the capacity must be with better means for giving effect to its skill.

The sarcasm of this seeming defence is more delicate than Mr. Disraeli's, and more cutting; the plea to reconcile us to the ministry as that odious thing "a necessity"—the concession of the vast deeds that ministers *would* do if things were altogether different and ministers were really masters of the situation—the hinted contrast with Peel, who converted minorities into majorities by a mastering policy—and the large allowance for men so helpless—is a sort of banter the more cutting for its refined and covert mode. "You, Disraeli," cries the *Examiner*, "would not do it to one of your own size!" Lord John does rub on wonderfully, considering. It is as admirable to see the whig of the ante-reform era getting up such a tolerable imitation of government as it is to hear Braham at seventy and odd years sing the "Bay of Biscay." And we confess that we are in no hurry to bring the comedy to a hasty conclusion; let it be played out—let the last whig ministry have its harmless fling.

Nay, so glad should we be to prevent the utter extinction of anything, that we would preserve at least specimens of the expiring races, whig and tory, as white oxen are preserved at Chillingham and the aurochs is shielded from extinction in Russia. Obsolete classes are still represented in our state pageantry; the yeomanry of a past age survive in our "beefaters," the chivalry in the hereditary champion, Roman and ancient Briton in the Gog and Magog of the lord mayor's show. So we would have two state offices created to preserve the memory of the two races now expiring—"Her Majesty's Tory" and "Her Majesty's Whig." The first incumbents in those dignified posts might be the Duke of Newcastle and Lord John Russell. And when human representatives of the party altogether fail, a wicker whig and tory of the past may succeed Gog and Magog in the November pageant.

From the Spectator, 16 Sept.

#### WANT OF GOVERNMENT, WANT OF PEACE.

JUDGED by the Schleswig-Holstein affair, the assembled wisdom of Germany seems unable to construct either a government, or a plan of action, or a national policy. The central machinery of government fails at the first trial, there is no accord in action, and policy is a word. The position of the federal government at Frankfort is as humiliating as its conduct is unskilful. No section of statesmen exhibits the power to comprehend the actual position of the country and people. Although the whole frame-work of political society has been undone and reconstructed anew; although every class—the royal class, the official, the intellectual, and the popular—has assisted at the process; each has failed to stamp its own impress on the actual government or governments, each has failed to secure an instrument for giving effect to its own ideas. We see neither a monarchy, nor a federation, nor a republic, but the dim and confused semblance of all. The statesmen turned up by the working of the

time can thwart each other, but cannot fulfil their own conceptions. Berlin can withhold from Frankfort the deference due to a superior authority—can conclude an armistice, for instance, by permission of the central power, and yet can turn the pretence of deference into a mockery, by giving to its superior a wrong title, making conditions that set aside that superior, and betraying the interests of Germany. But Berlin lacks the power to consummate this separate treaty; is found out in the attempt at evasion, and obliged to stop. Each is thwarted by mutual jealousy, but neither can act independently. Berlin, shrinking from the republicanism that rules in Frankfort under the name of the Imperial Vicar, grows Anti-German, and connives at placing over the litigated province a Danish influence. Berlin, in fact, shows a disposition to compromise the dispute in the hope of restoring a royal and a Prussian authority. Irritated at that contumacy and bad faith, the Central Assembly is easily led to the opposite extreme—becomes democratic, Anti-Royal, Anti-Prussian, Anti-Danish—tramples on the etiquettes of diplomacy, outrages official decencies, renders office untenable to its own respectable ministers, and opens the way for the popular leader. But he "enters into power" only to discover his own impotence, and shrinks from the course which he would have forced on his predecessors.

Authority retains no reality of power either at Frankfort or Berlin, any more than it does at Vienna. The greater the state, the more evident is the anarchy. King Frederic William has little left of his once despotic will, little even of influence. He is a cipher, unheeded in the confusion. The Prussian Diet is distracted with conflicting counsels; a precarious ministry "rubs on" as it may, resigns when it must—that is, when it discovers that it cannot contrive any longer to keep up the compromise between the warring elements of the political world; the Burgher Guard hints a dictation which it cannot enforce, because it lacks unity of action, brains, and influence adequate to the occasion; and King Mob cannot manage to extend his territory beyond the public streets.

As authority at Berlin is slighted and disobeyed by every section of Prussian society, so Germany refuses obedience to the government which it has set up at Frankfort; and that government, in the very attempt to vindicate its supremacy, falls into the paralytic convulsion called a "ministerial crisis."

The alarming fact in all the confusion is, that the whole intellect of super-intellectual Germany has been brought to bear without having realized anything better than these untoward results. For all its universities, for all the countless tomes of Leipsic, Germany has got no further in the science of government; for all the thought bestowed upon politics by its most men, for all their manly independence, for all the freedom which they have achieved, they cannot use either liberty or power when they get both; for all the lavish appropriation of professorial learning to the business of



state-management, Germany confesses that it is a fool at the work. There is some radical defect, then, in the political resources of that great nation. Perhaps Germany, like every other nation, but in a greater degree, has hitherto contemplated the business of government too much either in a purely empirical or a purely dogmatic mood; professional statesmen have studied how to govern in the interests of royalty and of their own profession; professional philosophers have studied government too much on abstract and classical data, and too little after the manner of practical science—which includes not only geometrical problems, but also the nature of available instruments and the antagonist forces to be encountered. The German statesman wants to know, not only how to govern a people—not only the abstract moral relations and mutual duties of rulers and subjects, but still more he requires to know what are the capacities of the *German* people, what are their weaknesses, and how that particular people can be got to move on. We see small signs of such knowledge in the conduct of German statesmen, small trace of any such study; but much evidence that they are floundering about, guided only by abstractions, distracted by the swarm of obstructions insuperable because unstudied. They would be capital hands at governing an ideal state, but “nature puts them out.”

Nor have they prepared the German people for the free action that they have claimed for it. Whether by the bent of our social usages, our town habits, our “useful knowledge” studies—the set plans of daily life, the trading pursuits, the decline of physical activity—the strange compromise between scientific inquiry and ancient dogmas, which exasperates the Duke of Newcastle and the Dean of York, and is carried on in equivokes by myriads of active-minded men throughout Europe, who dare and dare not—from what cause soever, there is a lack of any distinct, paramount, grand aspiration such as might move large masses of the nations and claim their devotion; or if any such aspiration is latent among the peoples, (for the contrary is not to be presumed,) the leading classes have not the art of evoking it, either for want of sympathy or of skill. The art of statesmanship seems like a lost art—fribbled away, perhaps, in a study of technicalities, forgetful of living humanity; like our English statutes, which are made by lawyers to challenge the petty skill of an elaborately refined chicane, and not to meet the sense of men or satisfy the wants of human nature.

We see in the position of Germany to what dangers nations become liable by reason of those great defects in their political condition—the want of a paramount national opinion, a political faith, and the want of a contemporary art of statesmanship. For want of guidance and government, Germany is hurrying in the direction of war—war, the old, easy, rude substitute for a national policy. It has one advantage, among others, of supplying a common object, and so giving unity

of action to parties in a state. It is easy to begin, hard to close, harder still to pay for. More studied in its practice by kings and officials than by philosophers and peoples, the kings and officials derive advantages from it which are usually denied to the popular interests. Hence, King Frederic William is supposed to be biding his time for a juncture in which he may act with a better chance for his official studies and hereditary prestige. Russia also watches events.

From the Spectator.

#### THE NEW FAITH.

TRADE, we have said, cannot do everything; and among the novelties of the day, we notice a dawning conviction of the fact that the spirit of trade is not omnipotent. There are many things, indeed, that it can do, most admirable in their kind, but some not so admirable. The reader will remember the description of labor in the English collieries, disclosed by virtue of Lord Ashley's efforts; let him peruse the following account of labor in the French coal and iron pits of Denain, given by Mr. Jones, manager of the works, and cited by Mr. Tremeneere in his report on mining in France and Belgium—

I have been here about a year and three-quarters. I came to take charge of the iron-stone pits. I worked as a collier and miner in Shropshire and Staffordshire for thirty-five years. I was director of Mr. Williamson's pits near Bilston for ten years; and at the same time I worked some pits under Mr. Philip Williams, of Wednesbury Oak, for about twelve years. I find the French workmen very attentive; they follow the work they are put to very steadily and faithfully; they are very civil and very respectful to their superiors; they are much before us for their manners; they never pass each other that they have not a civil or kind word to say to each other, and there is never any quarrelling or fighting among them. They are a contented, good-humored people. The diet of a French collier is very poor compared with an English collier; soup, and bread with a very little butter, and white very poor cheese, vegetables, and a little fruit, very seldom any meat. They cannot do so much work as an English collier; but they are more contented with a piece of bread and an apple than an English collier with his beef-steak. They are very clean, both in their persons and their houses. I have been all over this mining district, and I never saw a cleaner and more decent set of people in my life. They would make most of our English colliers and miners ashamed. They never omit to wash their whole bodies after coming up from the pits; and they put on clean pit dresses never less than twice a week, some of them every day. A man, when he is coming dirty from the pit, will not stop till he has thoroughly cleaned himself. Sometimes I have offered a pint of beer to men after their work, when their hands are dirty; but they have said they would go home first, and when they were clean they would come back and take the beer. They are very careful and industrious with their gardens, which they take great pleasure in; and they store up vegetables for winter use, preserving some of them in lard. Their diet is suitable to their work; that is, as they live low, the quantity of work they do is in proportion. The work is exactly like the

Staffordshire long-wall work. Nothing can be safer or more agreeable to work in than the pits in this country. They go to much expense about it; but, on the whole, considering the economy of time and labor it produces, I don't think it adds sixpence a ton to the selling price of the coal. Their priests have much influence over them; and they attend mass, most of them, regularly. Each man is obliged to have a book, in which the date of coming to work at a place or leaving it is entered; and if his former master, on being applied to, gives him a bad character, he need not go and seek work elsewhere. There are about thirty Englishmen working here; I cannot say much in favor of their general conduct as compared with the French. If any thirty of the Frenchmen here were to be transferred to some parts of Staffordshire, they would be so disgusted that they would not stay; they would think they had got among a savage race.

Now in this account there appears to be one fact on which the mere spirit of trade would fasten—there is something under sixpence a ton to be saved on coals. It is true that all the excellent social condition described by Mr. Jones would have to be given up; and in this country, our "intense competition," especially in the *great* colliery districts, might oblige employers to attempt the saving of that sixpence. If, then, you regard the colliers only as instruments for the production of coal, no doubt it is foolish to waste that additional sixpence per ton on their comfort, especially as that comfort does not consist in the additional *beef*, which is the test of bodily welfare in this country. But we are inclined rather to view the coals as instruments for promoting the welfare of the colliers—of society at large also, no doubt, but in the first instance of those whose labor is expended on them. Therefore we hold that the sixpence a ton is well bestowed, even if its expenditure is not justified by the "haggling of the market," and its saving through competition is prevented.

A new opinion is growing up in this country on such subjects. The interference with the unhumanizing processes in our mines has worked well; the notion is gaining ground, that the welfare of the people is the thing to be sought in the *first* instance, and that commerce by itself is not quite omnipotent to effect it. But, having awakened to the idea, we find ourselves not very intelligent or expert at realizing it. We perceive distinctly enough, that trade, which ultimately resolves itself into the mutual exchange of the surplus produce of labor by *individual* barter, does not supply the motives, the spirit, or the apparatus for some great operations which need the accord of large numbers—for things that will not "pay"—that is, will not show a profit on individual exchange, and yet are most essential to the welfare of living human creatures, individually and socially. Some of the extra comforts which keep the colliers of Denain within the pale of civilized society do not "pay"—that is, do not afford a profit on individual exchange; but they amply repay the society that consents to sacrifice sixpence a ton on coals, as a conservative tax of so beneficial an influence. And there are operations of a yet larger kind in which we cannot make way, because we have the

habit, now inveterate, though it was not always an English habit, of trusting too exclusively to the motives and methods of trade. We are bunglers at carrying out great works for the community—such as town-drainage, or arrangements for extra-mural interment—when we compare our own achievements with those of people whose very existence is only half discerned through the haze and distance of the remotest antiquity. A Pelasgian or an Etruscan would laugh at our official impotency to carry out works of drainage or establish extra-mural cemeteries; we are barbarians compared with those infant peoples. But they, probably, did not ask whether such works would "pay." They did not hang upon the statistical accounts, or await the fiat of a "board of trade," to know whether health was justified by a money profit, or decency consistent with parsimony. A "board of trade," is a very useful modern invention; its "statistical department" is a crowning grace; but when we wait to consult either on matters beyond the scope of either, we are but trifling with statistics. We turn these over, to learn oracular divinations from them, to as much purpose as our ancient friends might have inspected and handled the entrails of new-killed fowls. It is a superstition. Hence do we stand at the mercy of nuisances the most obvious, odious, and noxious. Our river is a common sewer, and we know it; but yet we boggle, statisticize, legislate, survey, begin a little amendment with a vast cackling like that of a hen over her first egg; and all this because, instead of decreeing "*simpliciter*," that our nuisance shall be abolished, we are under some compulsion to try, at least, if we cannot reconcile the abolition to the laws of "*£. s. d.*"—which have no bearing on the matter. The "ornamental" waters of our parks become filthy reservoirs of obscene odor, until an agitation, almost a rebellion, is engendered. Round the Serpentine, for instance, a conspiracy to coerce the state is openly at work, under the Early-Closing Association; and all to abolish a nuisance patent to the universe, and confessed by the official department of woods and forests. Can Laputa furnish any more glaring example of circuitous effort to do a plain thing?

The early-closing movement is in itself an organized effort to bring about what mere trade prevents; and so, to come back upon our first topic, are our mining improvements. These movements are indeed social conspiracies against the tyranny of the mere spirit of trade; a great spirit in its own domain—that is, in commerce—but not one so pure or exalted, or so potent, as to be the ruling spirit of the world. These conspiracies are reactionary movements, consequent on the overdone dogmatics of free trade and the presumptions of the ultra-crepidarian Manchester school; they are not reactions against free trade, but against the exclusive trust in that limited blessing; society is feeling the necessity of going beyond the seventh heaven chalked out for it by philosophers whose imagination was begotten in the factory and fed upon statistics.

From the Examiner.

## THE TALKING NUISANCE.

ROGER BACON, having succeeded in making a talking head, was so wearied, says the chronicler, with its perpetual tittle-tattle that he dashed it to pieces. The tittle-tattle of England's talking head is a more serious nuisance than that of Roger Bacon; but as we cannot do without it, instead of knocking it to pieces, we have to consider contrivances for putting the break as it were, on its palaver.

There was a time when the house could protect itself against its bores, but the bores were then few, whereas now their name is legion. Constituencies have indeed lately evinced a decided preference for bores, so much so that we believe it would be a recommendation in many places for a candidate to profess the faculties of boring, which consist in ready-witlessness, ready verbosity, and prate without object and without end. The bores of the greatest mark in the present parliament are Mr. Spooner, Mr. Newdegate, Col. Sibthorpe, Mr. G. Thompson hired to declaim about the Rajah of Sattara, Mr. Urquhart, and Mr. Anstey. Of these afflicting persons we regard Col. Sibthorpe as a model, and often the wish escapes us—Oh that all bores were like the member for Lincoln! for his ineptness is as brief as wit. He seldom exceeds three lines in the reports, rarely indeed does he reach a dozen. No bore draws so little on the patience of the house, no bore wastes so little of the public time. To be sure he has nothing worth hearing to say, but the nothing he has to say he says in a few words, which is a rare grace. He accurately indeed fulfils Solomon's description of a certain character, for his bolt is soon shot. Compare him with Mr. Urquhart, or Mr. Anstey, or Mr. G. Thompson, and you will know how to value him, and rate him as a model bore, a pattern to all who have nothing to say but platitudes or extravagances to be chary of words as they are void of sense.

The presence of Col. Sibthorpe rightly viewed we hold to be of excellent use in parliament, for as bores there must always be in the house, it is most desirable that there should be a model, to give the world assurance of a bore as a bore should be—a bore proper. Whenever the British bores find a Plutarch, our Sibthorpe will have an honorable place, but alas! without a parallel amongst men who speak to no purpose, for who else says his nothing so concisely? Much meditating on the merits of Colonel Sibthorpe, it has often struck us what a world of good would be done by a man of sense who spoke as briefly to the point as the colonel speaks besides it, a bolt shot off-hand to hit the mark instead of to miss it. But this excellence the genius of parliament does not suffer. A member may have a thought or a fact which may settle a question, but he will not rise to deliver it if it may be couched in a sentence or two. Unless he can spin it into a speech or accompany it with some extraneous verbiage to plump it out in the report, he will keep his place,

and leave the debate to those who have less idea of the subject matter and more words at command. It would almost appear from this that the public mind was like the stomach which revolts against nourishment in very highly concentrated essences, requiring bulk as well as nutriment—a demand which the peasantry in certain parts of Russia satisfy by mixing saw-dust with their train-oil. Magendrie, following out this observation, fed different animals on food highly concentrated, upon which they at first fattened and thrived, but soon pined and died. We wonder whether the effect would be similar in parliament, and whether pure wit and unminged sense administered in their brevities would cause the house to pine and decline. It may be so; and Swift admonishes us that for the conduct of affairs a share of the alderman is necessary, a certain leaven of dulness being necessary to public acceptance. Be that as it may, however, at present we are far gone in the opposite extreme, and oppressed with dulness, surfeited with stupidity, choked as it were, with the saw-dust without the unction of the train-oil.

Various suggestions for the better conduct of public business in parliament have been submitted to the committee appointed to consider the subject; and the evidence of distinguished foreigners has been heard as to the methods of proceeding in the French and American legislatures, and their expedients for the prevention of factious or vexatious obstruction, or waste of time in idle speaking. The vote for the *cloture* in France, and for the previous question in the United States, are the two resources against debate protracted beyond the objects and ends of fair discussion; the Americans also limit each speech to an hour, and with good effect. These three, and some other arrangements, to which we shall take another opportunity of advertising, for the preparation of measures, seem deserving of adoption.

The objection which will readily occur against the limitation of time for speaking is that the ideas and words of all men do not flow with the same facility and rapidity, and further that the hour which may be superabundant for one subject may be very inadequate for the handling of another. But it might be left to the discretion of the house at the expiration of the hour to permit the speaker to proceed for another hour, if his matter or argument should appear to deserve the hearing. And even if the strict rule of the limitation of the hour were adopted, we are of opinion that in the end more would be gained than lost by it. The effect would soon be to change the present diffuse style of public speaking, and to substitute closer reasoning and condensation. It is now the stupid fashion to admire long speaking. We hear the length of time occupied in a speech often mentioned as if it were an exploit, quite irrespective of the quality. Lord Brougham's speech on law reform was always quoted, not with any reference to its important object and matter, but to the time it took in the delivery, the "seven-hour speech." We hope the time may come when some speech, on the other hand,



may have the far higher honor of mention as the seven-minute speech, but certainly the subject cannot be law reform.

Great as Lord Brougham is as an orator, his speaking betrays the evil encouragement given to length in its repetitions and redundancies. He heaps up epithets and synonyms to swell his sentences, and deploys his sense through long circumlocutions. He knows that length tells, that Horace's rule for writing does not apply in the public mind to oratory, *recte, nam ut multum, nil moror*. It would be just as easy to such a speaker as Lord Brougham to be concise as diffuse, but he knows that brevity is not held in any honor. As rustics dance, not with any ambition to step well, but simply to dance long and "tire each other down," so speakers would seem to speak. We do not apply our remarks on the taste for length, to speakers and speeches positively bad; but any speech tolerably coherent, and decently delivered, gains in public respect by length. The underthought may be that a man must have ability who holds forth so long without making a fool of himself. Hearers complain, it is true, in cases of extreme dullness, and it is a frequent reproach that such a one is "long-winded;" but is there any opposite phrase of praise—is any one commended for being *short-winded*? is any one quoted with admiration for seldom exceeding twenty minutes or half an hour in a speech? and few are the subjects which cannot be handled in their generalities within the latter space.

The difficulty of public speaking explains in part the false respect for long speeches. A man who is conscious that he cannot string together a dozen words has a reverence for one who can spout for two or three hours on a stretch. How lamely this is done in the House of Commons we most of us know. There are scores of speakers who never finish a sentence by any chance—whose speeches are made up of indications of sentences which the reporters complete. Good grammar is a rarity, as indeed is any sort of accuracy, or avoidance of the clumsy and slovenly. Amongst the few accurate speakers we have had the fortune to hear, was the late Mr. Praed, and are Mr. Gladstone and Sir George Grey, the latter the more remarkable because of his extraordinary volubility—a volubility detrimental to the effect of his speaking, not leaving the auditory time to receive the impression of the ideas, like those copious showers which run off without penetrating the soil. Mr. Gladstone we have heard deliver a speech, not one word of which was mischosen or misplaced; but there *was*—we know not whether he has got over it—a provincial harshness in the delivery. Mr. Praed had the same happiness in diction and construction, and with a certain elegance of manner. But what has this to do with the limitation of the time of speaking? Much: the rarity of correct speaking is a direct consequence of the encouragement of long, rambling, desultory speaking. The sort of stuff which can be prosed by the hour, while some members sleep, and others

smoke or dine, would not be endured if that attention were fixed upon them which will arise with the new valuation of time attending its limitation. Neither gods nor men will stomach small beer in a liquor glass, pass as it may in a vat. Decoctions may be gulped down in quantity which cannot be sipped for very nausea. Another attention and another criticism will spring up when speaking is brought within compass. More exactness, more nicety, more point, more condensation, will be required, and had, because required. When a man cannot walk under a load, he runs; and in like manner, speakers who have taken upon their shoulders subjects beyond their strength run on in long, tedious, stumbling galimatias of verbosity; but with the course for this sort of running shortened, more care must be enforced not to undertake questions that cannot be steadily maintained and succinctly reasoned. The bungler's great resource of rambling will be cut off. Short speaking will in itself, indeed, be a training, an education, to good speaking; it will create what is now not thought of, the study of perspicuity, condensation and grasp. Nothing is ever learnt well if much can be done indifferently: to do little well is the first step in the road to excellence.

A further consequence of short time speaking not to be overlooked, is that the public will begin again to read debates, which for some time past it has ceased to do, having been fairly swamped by the deluge of gabble. There is now not one in a hundred who explores beyond the summaries of the reports; and if a timely reform does not come, we expect to see the summary of the summary introduced into the *Times*, for the summary in ordinary is becoming as long as a debate used to be thirty years ago. To revive the attention of the public to discussions in parliament will be no unimportant gain, in addition to the other advantages on which we reckon from the short-time limitation.

From the Examiner.

#### ITALY AND AUSTRIA.

If a supernatural being could have appeared at the commencement of the present year, and said, "I am going to break three great empires in pieces, or at least to fling them on the ground with violence like so many potsherds; these empires are France, Prussia, and Austria"—could we thus have been warned of the terrible events of February and March, for which of the empires should we have been in most pain? Which of the empires should we have given up as doomed to peril, to lose all strength, and to disappear into weak fragments? Certainly Austria. Yet we would have been altogether in the wrong. For Austria, though the last visited with revolution, has been the first to recover from it; and not only the first, but the sole country which has put forth its strength, and overcome the fiercest hostility in every quarter of its scattered dominions. Chzeck insurrection in Bohemia, Magyar independence in Hungary, Ital-

ian revolt and triumph in Lombardy, have been all alike, and simultaneously, put down. So much so, that by virtue of the revolution the emperor is more perfectly master of his provinces than he ever was.

Take for instance Hungary, which was formerly so independent in matters both of finance and administration, that it was scarcely Austrian. Now the Magyars, beaten by the Croats, have been obliged to fling themselves at the feet of the emperor, and nothing is talked of but a complete union and assimilation, fiscal and military, of the two countries.

In Italy we fear the same tale will have to be told. There was one sentiment which above all others rendered the Italians irreconcilable to the yoke of Austria. This was the certainty, that even if not able to shake off that yoke of themselves, France would aid them. They might not expect that France would wantonly commence a war for their liberation, but at least it was expected that France would allow no fair opportunity to escape for saving Italy, and rescuing it from the German eagle. That opportunity has occurred. There are no dynastic impediments in France. There was but a word wanting, and France has refused to speak that word. We are not going to say that France is wrong, or that General Cavaignac has not excellent reasons for his policy. All we would say is, that the hopes of Italians from the French are at an end. Their eyes need turn westward no more. They have had a great illusion destroyed. If they can no longer trust in themselves and their native efforts, they must make the best of German fraternity, and hope that, linked with Germany, they may likewise become free with Germany.

This is the way, in fact, in which Austria seems inclined to resist French pretensions and to satisfy English exigencies. A representative assembly of Lombards and Venetians is summoned to meet at Verona. What should we say if this assembly expressed its full content with the terms and the prospects and the constitution offered them? Surely nothing. Every object of the mediation would have been obtained, and the *via salutis* for North Italy, instead of coming from Paris, would come from Vienna. *Graiâ pandetur ab urbe.*

It must be said of France and England, that both have shown extreme forbearance. The full liberty given to the Neapolitan expedition to reconquer Sicily, shows the strong determination not to intervene. An event has occurred which, however, will afford fresh cause of perplexity to the two countries. This is the insurrection of Leghorn. If the grand duke be unable to overcome the *éméute*, Austria will no doubt undertake it, and Radetzki be removed to perform upon the Arno the task which he has already accomplished north of the Po. Whilst Naples, Sicily, and Tuscany would thus be reconquered to Austrian regime and influence, it might fairly be asked, to what purpose or with what dignity have France and England

been hitherto mediating and holding forth hopes, at least tacitly, to the unfortunate Italians?

From the Times.

#### LAST NEWS OF THE AFRICAN BLOCKADE.

THE reports from the west coast of Africa are highly encouraging to the advocates of the blockading system. The Devastation has returned with a living commander, and the Dolphin has just captured a prize with 500 negroes aboard. Both these assuring facts, however, are somewhat qualified by incidental circumstances. The commander of the Devastation is but the representative of two unhappy victims who have been carried off, and before the 500 negroes could be released from their captivity they were decimated by the long 32-pounders of their redeemers. We hope our readers will considerably muse upon the facts our intelligence supplied. The Devastation—a highly respectable steamer, whose first mission was the carrying out a bishop and a large cargo of rockets to the coast of Syria—only remained on the coast of Africa eighteen short months, the rest of her time being spent on more fortunate stations. During these dreadful months, however, she plied about between the Bights and Fernando Po—that is to say, from the most deadly sea to the most pestiferous land which the universe is known to contain. We have described the Bights and their tributary rivers often enough, and certainly no land could ever have been selected so appropriately as Fernando Po for a consistent and congenial rendezvous. It was once part of our “system” to maintain a “settlement” there; but as this much-debated term, even in its wildest latitude, implies the continuous existence of certain living creatures on the spot, the idea was abandoned as impracticable, though of course with great reluctance, and amidst the loud murmurs of the philanthropists. People who have seen this island, and lived, describe it as a spot more externally beautiful than imagination can conceive. From the beach to the highest mountain ridges there is one unbroken expanse of magnificent, ever-varying verdure, though what is beneath this surface nobody can say, as the brushwood of these gorgeous forests is quite impenetrable. At this insidious spot we cleared a square mile or two on a little plateau, hoisted the British flag, and compounded a few score of settlers out of soldiers, seamen, and emigrants. Thirty mechanics landed in November, (the healthy month,) 1827, of whom five only were found alive by the Eden (the vessel which in seven months lost 110 men out of 160) in the succeeding June. Fifty-eight marines and mechanics, including officers and women, landed in June, 1829, of whom, in the October following, only four had escaped. Another party came from St. Helena in 1830, and a lieutenant of marines actually exported himself, a wife, and six children, to try the chances of the climate. But of all these scarcely one survived: and at length, about 1833, the settlement, that is to

say, the hospital and burying-ground, was given up as a government establishment, though, how any administration found itself strong enough to make such a "sacrifice of principle" appears, after the debates we have lately heard, surprising enough. Few persons, however, will wonder that the Devastation lost two commanders in eighteen months between this fairy isle and the Bight of Benin.

The chase of the *Pensamento* contains incidents highly instructive to the "friends of the African." The slaver had 500 negroes closely stowed under hatches, and being a fast-sailing schooner, she led our cruiser a chase of no less than twelve hours. During all this time the *Dolphin* was training her long 32's at so fair a mark, and letting drive at her whenever she came within range. Fifty shots were fired, of which forty-seven told well. We recommend to all friends of "humanity" this picture of a cruiser discharging the very identical duty on which philanthropists have despatched her, and pelting round shot into a vessel as full of human creatures as those strange wicker machines represented in pictures of druidical sacrifices. Sometimes, indeed, the result of this practice gives the surest test of a slaver. Not unfrequently, while skimming off at the top of their speed, they used to disguise their calling by all manner of expedients to throw the pursuers off the scent, but the crash of a single shot sent home would be followed by a long piercing yell, which rose high into the air, and brought across the waters infallible evidence of the character of the chase. Occasionally, of course, the prize escapes, as was nearly being the case in the present instance, so that the decisions of Exeter Hall and the money of the English people serve merely to diversify the horrors of the middle passage by sending a few cannon-balls amongst the victims between decks. Sometimes a single shot may finish the business, and sink ship, slaves, and all, in the deep. When we add to the aggravations of the transit notoriously caused by our system, these pleasant contingencies of an English broadside, it is really enough to suggest a few misgivings as to the effectiveness of our humanity.

From the Examiner.

#### THE SALE AT STOWE.

ON Tuesday the first division of the collection of paintings was sold, commencing with ancient family and other portraits. The following were the only lots worthy of notice in this class: 6. Helena Forman, by Rubens, 16 guineas. 7. Miss Penelope Berenger, by Sir P. Lely, 14 guineas. 11. Peace and War, by Giovanni d'O'era, after Rubens, 30½ guineas. 12. Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, painted by Mary Marchioness of Buckingham, herself a pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, after the original of that name, 16 guineas. 16. Lord Cornbury—this was the first of a series of portraits of members of the Beefsteak Club—5½ guineas. 18. Philip Earl of Chesterfield and John Earl Granville, two other members of the club, 17½ guineas. 29. James Duke of Mon-

mouth, by Kneller, 11 guineas. 31. Francis Horner, formerly M.P. for St. Mawes, by Owen, 20 guineas, bought for Sir Robert Peel. 34. Two small portraits—Sir Thomas and Lady More, by Holbein, 18 guineas. 46. Mary Queen of Scots, by Janet, 50 guineas, bought by Earl Spencer. 47. Edward II. and Queen Jane Seymour, by the same artist, 13½ guineas. 51. Holbein's portrait of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, founder of the House of Buckingham, 48 guineas. 54. Calvin and Ann Boleyn, by Holbein, 27 guineas, bought by Earl Spencer. 55. Mary Queen of Scots and Lord Darnley, by Zuccherro, 60 guineas, bought by Earl Spencer. Two pictures by Fuseli, illustrating passages in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," one 65 and the other 63 guineas. 105. The Emperor Paul of Russia, presented to Lord Grenville, bought by Earl Spencer for 26 guineas. 110. Charles I. on horseback, after Vandyck, by Thornhill, 51½. 125. Henry VIII. and his Queens, miniatures in one frame, 30½ guineas. 135 and 136. These two pictures were by old Morland; they represent the Duchess of Hamilton and the Countess of Coventry, the one as a washerwoman and the other as being engaged in ironing; 32 guineas. The amount realized by the day's sale exceeded 1,800*l*.

Some rare lots from the manuscript library were sold on Wednesday, a few of which we will describe. 276. William III.'s silver watch, by Bushman of London, with a medallion of that monarch on the face, 10 guineas. 277. The sash of the Pretender, Charles Edward, taken from his baggage at Culloden in 1745, 40 guineas, on the instruction, it was rumored, of Lord Breadalbane. 278. The dagger of Hindoo Rao, with Damascus blade and hilt of rock crystal, 7*l*. 10*s*. 279. The badge and ribbon of the order of the Bath, worn by Sir R. Temple at the coronation of Charles II., bought for Lord Chandos, 6½ guineas. 280. A Lock of Hair of Queen Mary, taken from her corpse at St. Mary's Church, Bury, in 1784, 7*l*. 10*s*. In reference to this lock of hair, the MS. Library at Stowe contains an original document in the handwriting of Sir John Cullum, who was present when the remains were exhumed, and who subsequently presented the relic to the Duchess Dowager of Portland; and a MS. letter, from a gentleman named Reynell, who, it appears, was commissioned to purchase the same by the Duke of Chandos. The letter is as follows:—"Margaret street, May 8, 1786.—My lord duke,—The ringlet of the French Queen's hair from which you are descended, the historical MS. account of her Majesty, and of the appearance of her body when the tomb was opened, together with Sir John Cullum's note to the duchess when he sent her the ringlet, (which I required first of all to see and to have with the lot,) are now your grace's own property in my possession, and which I as firmly believe to have been cut from the head of the queen as I believe my own existence. Upon my making that observation immediately after the



lot was knocked down to me, a gentleman who sat next to me replied, 'Sir, that you may indeed: for I was with Sir John Cullum when he cut the hair off, as I did at the same time some for myself.' This gentleman's name was Orde, nephew to the Master in Chancery of that name, and lives near Bedford row. Now, my lord, for he purchase your grace gave me leave to go as far as 20*l*. At first there was a smart bidding; but I pushed boldly with a determined face that I would have it, and which I got for 6*l*. 10*s*. If your grace wishes to have them sent to Bath, I shall obey your commands; otherwise I shall keep the golden treasure at Castle Reynell, and venerate it with reverential regard each morning till I deliver it with the hands of the pious *Aeneas*—whose commands no one receives with more pleasure—whose health, with that of his Lavinia, none more fervently wishes than, my lord duke, your grace's most obedient and most humble servant, *RICHD. REYNELL*." The celebrated miniature of Charles II., by Cooper, had been announced for sale the same day, but was withdrawn, having been valued and purchased for the Marquis of Chandos. Its withdrawal occasioned some disappointment, several collectors having arrived from London expressly to purchase it. This picture was sent by Charles II., in 1651, to Henry Lord Beauchamp, eldest son of William Marquis of Hertford, with his request that it might be given to the son of which Mary Lady Beauchamp, daughter of Lord Capel, was then delivered; and that it might pass forever in succession to the next of blood of the Lord Hertford, whom he acknowledged as his nearest of kin, descended from Mary Queen of France, daughter of their common ancestor, Henry VII. This son, afterwards William Duke of Somerset, died without issue in 1671, leaving a sister, who married Thomas second Earl of Ailesbury. The picture was next delivered to her eldest son, Charles Lord Bruce, afterwards third Earl of Ailesbury, by his grandmother, Mary Lady Beauchamp, above mentioned, then re-married to Henry first Duke of Beaufort. The original letter from the Duchess of Beaufort to Lord Bruce is preserved with the miniature. The following is a copy:—"April 23, 1708.—Lord Bruce,—This picture was sent to my Lord Beauchamp when I lay in of my son, the Duke of Somerset. I now give it to you, and make it my request that it may never be given from his grandchildren. *M. BEAUFORT*." From the third Earl of Ailesbury the miniature at length passed to Anna Eliza, Duchess of Buckingham, daughter and heiress of James, last Duke of Chandos, in right of her descent from Henry VII. A supplemental catalogue, extending over five additional days, has just been issued. This catalogue contains the valuable contents of the museum and the whole of the remaining effects. It has been determined that the library of manuscripts, and the collection of miniatures, shall be entrusted to Messrs. Christie and Manson for sale at their rooms in London during the ensuing season.

Thursday's sale was rendered interesting by the Chandos portrait of Shakspeare. When it was put up, the greatest possible anxiety was exhibited. It was thus described in the catalogue:—"The celebrated Chandos portrait of Shakspeare. This renowned portrait is presumed to be the work of Burbage, the first actor of Richard III., who is known to have handled the pencil. It then became the property of Joseph Taylor, the poet's Hamlet, who, dying about the year 1653, left it by will to Sir William D'Avenant. At the death of Sir William, in 1653, it was bought by Betterton, the actor, and, when he died, Mr. Robert Keek, of the Inner Temple, gave Mrs. Barry, the actress, forty guineas for it. From Mr. Keek it passed to Mr. Nicoll, of Minchenden-house, Southgate, whose only daughter and heiress, Margaret, married James, Marquis of Carnarvon, afterwards Duke of Chandos; from whom it descended in right of his wife, Anna Eliza, the late Duchess, to the present Duke of Buckingham and Chandos." Notwithstanding the celebrity which this portrait has obtained, it would be idle to deny that some doubts are entertained of its perfect authenticity; indeed, there are connoisseurs whose opinions incline to the belief that the portrait is of Venetian origin and was never intended to represent the great poet; but that, accident having thrown it in the way of some one familiar with Shakspeare's expression, it may have been caught up and handed down as a genuine picture. When this interesting portrait had been brought forward and placed upon the easel, Mr. Manson addressed his audience to the following effect. He said he believed no doubt whatever existed among all lovers of Shakspeare as to the portrait now before them being a genuine production, and the exact likeness of the great bard. In addition to the pedigree which the catalogue contained, he might inform them that Sir William D'Avenant—a celebrated admirer of the poet—had thought so highly of it as to employ Kneller to make a copy. He could not pretend to put a value upon so important a picture, but felt satisfied any offers he might receive would be in character with its high worth. From 50*l*. bid by Mr. Ryman the price gradually ran up to 200*l*., the chief bidders being Mr. J. Nicoll, of Neasdon-house, a descendant of the Nicolls of Minchenden-house; Mr. Ryman, of Oxford; Mr. Blore, of Regent-street; and Mr. Rodd, of Little Newport street. Mr. Blore here parted company. Mr. Nicoll went up to nearly 300 guineas, and from that point Mr. Ryman and Mr. Rodd had the bidding to themselves. The advances were not made rapidly; indeed, Mr. Manson appeared necessitated to use his most persuasive powers in order to induce Mr. Ryman, who is generally a very bold purchaser, to go on. On, however, he did go up to 350 guineas, when, Mr. Rodd making another advance of five guineas, Mr. Ryman retired and left Mr. Rodd the possessor of the treasure for 355 guineas. After the sale, we ascertained that Mr. Rodd had been instructed to buy it for Mr. J. P. Collier, and that

the portrait is now the property of the Earl of Ellesmere. Stanfield's celebrated picture of the "Wreckers off Calais" was also sold the same day. The disposal of this magnificent work excited an active competition. It was put up at 200*l.*, and eventually bought for 410 guineas by Mr. Graves, for Mr. Grundy, of Liverpool. We subjoin a few of the other most remarkable lots. Minchenden-house, Southgate, formerly the seat of the Duke of Chandos, with extensive landscape and water and figures in the foreground. This picture, next to the Chandos portrait of Shakespeare, was perhaps the best feature in to-day's sale. It is by Wilson, and possesses all the fine characteristics of that master. Mr. Redfern and Mr. Chaplin, of Bond street, were the principal competitors for its possession, and the former ultimately secured it for 195 guineas. It is now the property of Lord Leigh, who is a descendant of the Chandos family. Nell Gwynne, by Lely, whole length, in yellow and blue dress. This picture was put up at forty, and ran rapidly up to 100 guineas, at which sum it was knocked down to Mr. Durlacher. The Marquis of Granby, whole length, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The great general is here represented as leaning on a mortar—an engagement in the background. After a most interesting competition between Mr. Norton, Mr. Blore, and Mr. Brown, of Howland street, its possession was secured by the latter gentleman for 200 guineas. The Marquis de Vieuville, in a white dress and black coat, whole length, by Vandyck, (killed during the civil war at the battle of Ashbourne Chase,) occasioned a very spirited competition, and was ultimately secured by Mr. Emanuel, of Bond street, for 210 guineas. Richard Grenville, Earl Temple, in robes of the Garter, half-length, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. This was a remarkably fine picture in Sir Joshua's best style, and would have occasioned a very active competition, but on arriving at this point of the catalogue, Mr. Manson announced that it, as well as three or four other portraits, would be withdrawn for the family. Mary, Marchioness of Buckingham, with her son the late duke when a boy, whole length, on a landscape, also by Sir Joshua Reynolds. This was a companion picture to the last, and equally good. It was put in at 70 guineas by Mr. Ryman, and ultimately knocked down at 130 guineas, the purchaser being the Dean of Windsor. Robert, Earl Nugent, (seated,) whole length, by Gainsborough. This was a very fine specimen of the master. Lord Nugent made the first bidding of 50*l.*, but did not secure possession until the bidding exceeded 100 guineas. Thus far it appeared to be carried on by commission. His lordship adding one guinea to that amount, the portrait was knocked down to him for 101 guineas.

From the Examiner.

#### THE LATE MR. JOHN HUNT.

In our obituary of last week appeared the death of Mr. John Hunt, the brother of the admired poet

and essayist, Leigh Hunt, by whom conjointly this journal was founded and for many years conducted. Mr. John Hunt had not the brilliant gifts and talents of his accomplished brother, but his abilities were good, his understanding solid, and his taste of the very highest order. In moral character he was a man of a rare stamp; an honest never breathed. His devotion to truth and justice had no bounds; there was no peril, no suffering, that he was not ready to encounter for either. With resolution and fortitude not to be surpassed, he was one of the gentlest and kindest of beings. His own sufferings were the only sufferings to which he could be indifferent. His part as a reformer in the worst times was unflinching, and he held his course undauntedly when bold truths were visited with the penalties of the prison, which he knew how to face and how to endure. His way through the world was a rough one, but his constancy was even, and tribulations left him unshaken. He was at arms' length with care throughout the active part of his life, but never mastered by it, for his goodness had a bravery in it which always bore him up. Fortune's buffets, of which he had a full share, left no bruises on him, and extorted no murmurs. We never heard him repine; and seldom, on the other hand, had he occasion to rejoice, and never for long. He took whatever befell him calmly as his portion, and with a manly yet sweet resignation. His faults lay on the side of tenacity and prepossession; when he had taken up a cause, or a quarrel, it was hard to alter his view of the merits by fact or argument; and he was sometimes misled by his sympathy with the weaker to fight the battle not really of the juster, but of the worsted party. Having taken the field when power was carrying every injustice with a high hand, he was apt to believe it afterwards in the wrong whenever called in question. But these errors were few, and might have been fewer still had they been less detrimental to his interests. There never was a question in John Hunt's mind as to the side to be taken in any discussion but the question of justice, which he determined to the best of his judgment, and acted upon the conclusion at all risks. Unconscious prejudice might enter into his views occasionally, but they were honest, according to his lights; and in the days of martyrdom, a martyr he would cheerfully have been for what he deemed the truth. John Hunt never put forth a claim of any kind on the world. He had fought the battle in the front ranks when the battle was the hottest, but he passed into retirement in the very hour of victory as if he had done nothing, and deserved nothing of the triumphant cause. The ever-kind Lord Holland, however, did not forget him, and procured an appointment in the West Indies for one of his sons, an excellent young man, who was doing well and promising to be a stay for his father's old age, when he was suddenly cut off by one of the diseases of the climate.

Many profited by the services of John Hunt in the press, but to few was the height of his merits known, shadowed as they were by his modesty; but by those who knew them, profoundly as they prized, and affectionately as he mourned.

## FEATS ON THE FIORD.

## CHAPTER I.—ERLINGSSENS "AT HOME."

EVERY one who has looked at the map of Norway must have been struck with the singular character of its coast. On the map it looks so jagged, such a strange mixture of land and sea, that it appears as if there must be a perpetual struggle between the two—the sea striving to inundate the land, and the land pushing itself out into the sea, till it ends in their dividing the region between them. On the spot, however, this coast is very sublime. The long straggling promontories are mountainous, towering ridges of rock, springing up in precipices from the water; while the bays between them, instead of being rounded with shelving sandy shores, on which the sea tumbles its waves, as in bays of our coast, are, in fact, long narrow valleys, filled with sea, instead of being laid out in fields and meadows. The high rocky banks shelter these deep bays (called fiords) from almost every wind; so that their waters are usually as still as those of a lake. For days and weeks together, they reflect each separate tree-top of the pine-forests which clothe the mountain sides, the mirror being broken only by the leap of some sportive fish, or the oars of the boatman as he goes to inspect the sea-fowl from islet to islet of the fiord, or carries out his nets or his rod to catch the sea-trout, or char, or cod, or herrings, which abound, in their seasons, on the coast of Norway.

It is difficult to say whether these fiords are the most beautiful in summer or in winter. In summer, they glitter with golden sunshine; and purple and green shadows from the mountain and forest lie on them; and these may be more lovely than the faint light of the winter noons of those latitudes, and the snowy pictures of frozen peaks which then show themselves on the surface: but before the day is half over, out come the stars—the glorious stars, which shine like nothing that we have ever seen. There, the planets cast a faint shadow, as the young moon does with us; and these planets and the constellations of the sky, as they silently glide over from peak to peak of these rocky passes, are imaged on the waters so clearly that the fisherman, as he unmoors his boat for his evening task, feels as if he were about to shoot forth his vessel into another heaven, and to cleave his way among the stars.

Still as everything is to the eye, sometimes for a hundred miles together along these deep sea-valleys, there is rarely silence. The ear is kept awake by a thousand voices. In the summer, there are cataracts leaping from ledge to ledge of the rocks; and there is the bleating of the kids that browse there, and the flap of the great eagle's wings, as it dashes abroad from its eyrie, and the cries of whole clouds of sea-birds which inhabit the islets; and all these sounds are mingled and multiplied by the strong echoes, till they become a din as loud as that of a city. Even at night, when the flocks are in the fold, and the birds at roost, and the echoes themselves seem to be asleep, there is oc-

asionally a sweet music heard, too soft for even the listening ear to catch by day. Every breath of summer wind that steals through the pine-forests wakes this music as it goes. The stiff spiny leaves of the fir and pine vibrate with the breeze, like the strings of a musical instrument, so that every breath of the night-wind, in a Norwegian forest, wakens a myriad of tiny harps; and this gentle and mournful music may be heard in gushes the whole night through. This music, of course, ceases when each tree becomes laden with snow; but yet there is sound, in the midst of the longest winter night. There is the rumble of some avalanche, as, after a drifting storm, a mass of snow too heavy to keep its place slides and tumbles from the mountain peak. There is also, now and then, a loud crack of the ice in the nearest glacier; and, as many declare, there is a cracking to be heard by those who listen when the northern lights are shooting and blazing across the sky. Nor is this all. Wherever there is a nook between the rocks on the shore, where a man may build a house, and clear a field or two;—wherever there is a platform beside the cataract where the sawyer may plant his mill, and make a path from it to join some great road, there is a human habitation, and the sounds that belong to it. Thence, in winter nights, come music and laughter, and the tread of dancers, and the hum of many voices. The Norwegians are a social and hospitable people; and they hold their gay meetings, in defiance of their arctic climate, through every season of the year.

On a January night, a hundred years ago, there was a great merriment in the house of a farmer who had fixed his abode within the arctic circle, in Nordland, not far from the foot of Sulitelma, the highest mountain in Norway. This dwelling, with its few fields about it, was in a recess between the rocks, on the shore of the fiord, about five miles from Saltdalen, and two miles from the junction of the Salten's Elv (river) with the fiord. It was but little that Erlingsen's fields would produce, though they were sheltered from the coldest winds, and the summer's sunshine was reflected from the rocks, so as to make this little farm much more productive than any near which were in a more exposed situation. A patch of rye was grown, and some beans and oats; and there was a strip of pasture, and a garden in which might be seen turnips, radishes, potatoes, lettuce and herbs, and even some fruits—a few raspberries, and a great many cherries. There were three or four horses on the farm, five cows, and a small flock of goats. In summer, the cattle and flock were driven up the mountain, to feed on the pastures there; and during the seven months of winter, they were housed and fed on the hay grown at home, and that which was brought from the mountain, and on a food which appears strange enough to us, but of which cows in Norway are extremely fond—fish-heads boiled into a thick soup with horse-dung. At one extremity of the little beach of white sand which extended before the farmer's door was his boat-house; and on his boat he and his family depend-



ed, no less than his cows, for a principal part of their winter subsistence. Except a kid or a calf, now and then, no meat was killed on the farm. Cod in winter, herrings in spring, trout and salmon in summer, and salted fish in winter, always abounded. Reindeer meat was regularly purchased from the Lapps who travelled round among the settlements for orders, or drove their fattened herds from farm to farm. Besides this, there was the resource of game. Erlingsen and his housemen brought home from their sporting rambles, sometimes a young bear, sometimes wild ducks, or the noble cock-of-the-woods, as big as a turkey, or a string of snipes, or golden plovers, or the ptarmigan. The eggs of sea-birds might be found in every crevice of the islets in the fiord, in the right season; and they are excellent food. Once a year, too, Erlingsen wrapped himself in furs, and drove himself in his sledge, followed by one of his housemen on another and a larger, to the great winter fair at Tronyem, where the Lapps repaired to sell their frozen reindeer meat, their skins, and few articles of manufacture, and where travelling Russian merchants came with the productions of other climates, and found eager customers in the inhabitants who thronged to this fair, to make their purchases. Here, in exchange for the salt-fish, feathers, and eider-down which had been prepared by the industry of his family, Erlingsen obtained flax and wool wherewith to make clothing for the household, and those luxuries which no Norwegian thinks of going without—corn-brandy, coffee, tobacco, sugar, and spices. Large mould candles were also sold so cheap by the Russians that it was worth while to bring them home for the use of the whole family—even to burn in the stables and stalls, as the supply of bears' fat was precarious, and the pine-tree was too precious, so far north, to be split up into torches, while it even fell so short occasionally, as to compel the family to burn peat, which they did not like nearly so well as pine-logs. It was Madame Erlingsen's business to calculate how much of all these foreign articles would be required for the use of her household for a whole year; and, trusting to her calculations, which were never found to be wrong, her husband came home from the winter fair heavily enough laden with good things.

Nor was it only what was required for his own every-day household that he brought. The quantity of provisions, especially corn-brandy, tobacco, coffee, and sugar, consumed in hospitality in Norway, is almost incredible; and, retired as the Erlingsens might appear to dwell, they were as hospitable, according to their opportunities, as any inhabitant of Bergen or Christiania. They gave feasts at Christmas, and on every occasion that they could devise. The occasion, on the particular January day mentioned above, was the betrothment of one of the house-maidens to a young farm-servant of the establishment. I do not mean that this festival was anything like a marriage. It was merely an engagement to be married; but this engagement is a much more formal and public

affair in Norway (and indeed wherever the people belong to the Lutheran church) than with us. According to the rites of the Lutheran church, there are two ceremonies—one when a couple become engaged, and another when they are married. In Norway, this betrothment gives the couple a certain dignity beyond that of the unengaged, and more liberty of companionship, together with certain rights in law. This makes up to them for being obliged to wait so long as they often must before they can marry. In a country, scattered over with farmers, like Norway, where there are few money transactions, because people provide for their own wants on their own little estates, servants do not shift their places, and go from master to master, as with us. A young man and woman have to wait long—probably till some houseman dies or removes, before they can settle; and then they are settled for life—provided for till death, if they choose to be commonly industrious and honest. The story of this betrothment at Erlingsen's will explain what I have just said.

As Madame Erlingsen had two daughters growing up, and they were no less active than the girls of a Norwegian household usually are, she had occasion for only two maidens to assist in the business of the dwelling and the dairy.

Of these two, the younger, Erica, was the maiden betrothed to-day. No one perhaps rejoiced so much at the event as her mistress, both for Erica's sake, and on account of her own two young daughters. Erica was not the best companion for them; and the servants of a Norwegian farmer are necessarily the companions of the daughters of the house. There was nothing wrong in Erica's conduct or temper towards the family. She had, when confirmed,\* borne so high a character that many places were offered her, and Madame Erlingsen had thought herself very fortunate in obtaining her services. But, since then, Erica had sustained a shock which hurt her spirits, and increased a weakness which she owed to her mother. Her mother, a widow, had brought up her child in all the superstitions of the country, some of which remain in full strength even to this day, and were then very powerful; and the poor woman's death at last confirmed the lessons of her life. She had stayed too long, one autumn day, at the Erlingsens'; and, being benighted on her return, and suddenly seized and bewildered by the cold, had wandered from the road, and was found frozen to death in a recess of the forest which it was surprising that she should have reached. Erica never believed that

\* The rite of confirmation is thought much more of in Norway than with us. The preparation for it is longer and more strict; and the destiny of young people for life depends much on how they pass through it. A person who has not been confirmed is looked upon as one without a character and without knowledge; while those who pass well stand high in credit; and, if they have to earn their living, are sure of good situations. In the newspapers in Norway you may see among the advertisements, "A confirmed shop-boy wants a place." "Wanted, a confirmed girl who can cook;" which means that their having been confirmed proves that they are considered respectable, and not deficient in capacity or knowledge.

she did reach this spot of her own accord. Having had some fears before of the Wood Demon having been offended by one of the family, Erica regarded this accident as a token of his vengeance. She said this when she first heard of her mother's death; and no reasonings from the zealous pastor of the district; no soothing from her mistress, could shake her persuasion. She listened with submission, wiping away her quiet tears as they discoursed; but no one could ever get her to say that she doubted whether there was a Wood Demon, or that she was not afraid of what he would do if offended.

Erlingsen and his wife always treated her superstition as a weakness; and when she was not present, they ridiculed it. Yet they saw that it had its effect on their daughters. Erica most strictly obeyed their wish that she should not talk about the spirits of the region with Orga and Frolich; but the girls found plenty of people to tell them what they could not learn from Erica. Besides what everybody knows who lives in the rural districts of Norway—about Nipen, the spirit that is always so busy after everybody's affairs—about the Water-sprite, an acquaintance of every one who lives beside a river or lake—and about the Mountain-demon, familiar to all who lived so near Sultelma; besides these common spirits, the girls used to hear of a multitude of others from old Peder, the blind houseman, and from all the farm-people, down to Oddo, the herd-boy. Their parents hoped that this taste of theirs might die away if once Erica, with her sad, serious face and subdued voice, were removed to a house of her own, where they would see her supported by her husband's unfearing mind, and occupied with domestic business more entirely than in her mistress' house. So Madame Erlingsen was well pleased that Erica was betrothed; and she could only have been better satisfied if she had been married at once.

For this marrying, however, the young people must wait. There was no house, or houseman's place, vacant for them at present. There was a prospect, however. The old houseman Peder, who had served Erlingsen's father and Erlingsen himself for fifty-eight years, could now no longer do the weekly work on the farm which was his rent for his house, field, and cow. He was blind and old. His aged wife Ulla could not leave the house; and it was the most she could do to keep the dwelling in order, with occasional help from one and another. Housemen who make this sort of contract with farmers in Norway are never turned out. They have their dwelling and field for their own life and that of their wives. What they do, when disabled, is to take in a deserving young man, to do their work for the farmer, on the understanding that he succeeds to the houseman's place on the death of the old people. Peder and Ulla had made this agreement with Erica's lover, Rolf; and it was understood that his marriage with Erica should take place whenever the old people should die.

It was impossible for Erica herself to fear that

Nipen was offended, at the outset of this festival day. If he had chosen to send a wind, the guests could not have come; for no human frame can endure travelling in a wind in Nordland on a January day. Happily, the air was so calm that a flake of snow, or a lock of eider-down, would have fallen straight to the ground. At two o'clock, when the short daylight was gone, the stars were shining so brightly, that the company who came by the fiord would be sure to have an easy voyage. Almost all came by the fiord, for the only road from Erlingsen's house led to so few habitations, and was so narrow, steep, and rocky, that an arrival by that way was a rare event. The path was now, however, so smooth with frozen snow, that more than one sledge attempted and performed the descent. Erlingsen and some of his servants went out to the porch, on hearing music from the water, and stood with lighted pine-torches to receive their guests, when, approaching from behind, they heard the sound of the sleigh-bells, and found that company was arriving both by sea and land.

It was a pretty sight—such an arrival. In front, there was the head of a boat driving up upon the white beach, and figure after figure leaping out and hastening to be welcomed in the porch; while, in the midst of the greeting, the quick and regular beat of a horse's feet was heard on the frozen ground, and the active little animal rushed into the light, shaking his mane and jingling his bells, till suddenly checked by the driver, who stood upright at the back of the sledge, while the ladies reclined, so wrapped in furs that nothing could be seen of them till they had entered the house, and issued forth from the room where they threw off their pelisses and cloaks. Glad had the visitors been, whether they came by land or water, to arrive in sight of the lighted dwelling, whose windows looked like rows of yellow stars, contrasting with the blue ones overhead; and more glad still were they to be ushered into the great room, where all was so light, so warm, so cheerful! Warm it was, to the farthest corner; and too warm near the roaring and crackling fires; for the fires were of pine-wood. Rows upon rows of candles were fastened against the walls, above the heads of the company; the floor was strewn with juniper twigs; and the spinning-wheels, the carding-boards, every token of household labor was removed, except a loom, which remained in one corner. In another corner was a welcome sight—a platform of rough boards, two feet from the floor, and on it two stools. This was a token that there was to be dancing; and indeed Oddo, the herd-boy, old Peder's grandson, was seen to have his clarionet in his belt, as he ran in and out on the arrival of fresh parties.

Before four o'clock, the whole company, consisting of about forty, had arrived. They walked about the large room sipping their strong coffee, and helping one another to the good things on the trays which were carried round—the slices of bread and butter, with anchovies, or shreds of reindeer ham or tongue, or thin slices of salt cheese. When these trays disappeared, and the

young women who had served them returned into the room, Oddo was seen to reach the platform with a hop, skip, and jump, followed by a dull-looking young man with a violin. The oldest men lighted their pipes, and sat down to talk, two or three together. Others withdrew to a smaller room, where card-tables were set out; while the younger men selected their partners, and handed them forth for the gallopade. The dance was led by the blushing Erica, whose master was her partner. It had never occurred to her that she was not to take her usual place; and she was greatly embarrassed; not the less so that she knew that her mistress was immediately behind, with Rolf for her partner. Erica might, however, have led the dance in any country in Europe. All the women in Norway dance well; being practised in it from their infancy, as an exercise for which the leisure of their long winter, and the roominess of their houses, afford scope. Every woman present danced well; but none better than Erica.

"Very well!" "very pretty!" "very good!" observed the pastor, M. Kollsen, as he sat, with his pipe in his mouth, looking on. M. Kollsen was a very young man; but the men in Norway smoke as invariably as the women dance. "Very pretty, indeed! They only want double the number to make it as pretty a dance as any in Tron-yem."

"What would you have, sir?" asked old Peder, who sat smoking at his elbow. "Are there not eleven couple? Oddo told me there were eleven couple; and I think I counted so many pairs of feet as they passed."

"Let me see—yes, you are right, Peder. There are eleven couples."

"And what would you have more, sir? In this young man's father's time——"

"Rolf's father's?"

"No, sir—Erlingsen's. Ah! I forgot that Edingsen may not seem to you, or any stranger, to be young; but Ulla and I have been used to call him so; and I fear I always shall, as I shall never see the furrows in his face. It will be always smooth and young to me. My Ulla says there is nothing to be sorry for in that, and she does not object to my thinking so of her face. But, as I was saying, in the elder Erlingsen's time we thought we did well when we set up nine couples at Yule; and since then, the Holbergs and Thores have each made out a new farm within ten miles; and we are accustomed to be rather proud of our eleven couples. Indeed, I once knew it twelve, when they got me to stand up with little Henrica—the pretty little girl whose grave lies behind, just under the rock. But I suppose there is no question but there are finer doings at Tron-yem."

"Of course—of course," said the young clergyman. "But there are many youths in Tron-yem that would be glad of so pretty a partner as M. Erlingsen has—if she would not look so frightened."

"Pretty she is," said Peder. "As I remember

her complexion, it looks as if it was made by the reflection of our snows in its own clearness. And when you do get a full look into her eyes, how like the summer sky they are—as deep as the heavens in a midsummer noon! Did you say she looks frightened, sir?"

"Yes. When does she not? Some ghost from the grave has scared her, I suppose; or some spirit that has no grave to lie still in, perhaps. It is a great fault in her that she has so little faith. I never met with such a case. I hardly know how to conduct it. I must begin with the people about her—abolish their superstitions—and then there may be a chance for her. Meanwhile I have but a poor account to give to the bishop\* of the religion of the district."

"Did you say, sir, that Erica wants faith? It seems to me that I never knew any one who had so much."

"You think so because there is no idea in this region of what faith is. A prodigious work indeed my bishop has given me to do. He himself cannot be aware what it is, till I send him my report. One might suppose that Christianity had never been heard of here, by the absurd credulity one meets with in the best houses—the multitude of good and evil spirits one hears of at every turn. I will blow them all to the winds presently. I will root out every superstition in a circle of twenty miles."

"You will, sir?"

"I will. Such is my duty as a Christian pastor."

"Do you suppose you can, sir?"

"Certainly. No doubt of that. What sort of pastor must he be who cannot vindicate his own religion?"

"These beliefs, sir, were among us long before you were born; and I fancy they will last till some time after you are dead. And, what is more—I should not wonder if your bishop was to tell you the same thing, when you send him your report of us."

"I thought you had had more faith, Peder. I thought you had been a better Christian?"

"However that may be," said Peder, "I have some knowledge of the people about us, having lived nearly fourscore years in the parish; and perhaps, sir, as you are young, and from a distance, you would allow me to say a word. May I?"

"O, certainly."

But while M. Kollsen gave this permission, he took his pipe from his mouth, and beat time with it upon his knee, and with his foot upon the ground, to carry off his impatience at being instructed.

"My advice would be, sir, with all respect to you," said Peder, "that you should lead the people into everything that you think true and good, and pass over quietly whatever old customs and notions you do not understand or like. I have so much belief in the religion you are to teach as to feel sure that whatever will not agree

\* A hundred years ago, Nordland was included in the diocese of Tron-yem.



with it will die off out of its way, if let alone. But if religion is brought in to hurt the people's feelings and notions, that religion will be the thing to suffer."

"I must judge for myself about such matters, of course," said M. Kollsen. He was meditating a change of place, to escape further lecturing about his duty, when Peder saved him the trouble of leaving his comfortable seat by rising, and moving away towards the fire. Peder's pipe was smoked out, and he was going for more tobacco to the place where tobacco was always to be found—in a little recess above the fireplace. He felt his way carefully, that he might not interfere with the dancers, or be jostled by them; but he had not far to go. One friend begged to be sent for anything he wanted; another, with a quicker eye, brought him tobacco; and a third led him to his seat again. All looked with wonder at M. Kollsen, surprised that he, Peder's companion at the moment, young and blessed with eyesight, could let the blind old man leave his seat for such a reason. M. Kollsen whiffed away, however, quite unconscious of what everybody was thinking.

"This waltz," said Peder, when the dancers had begun again, "does not seem to go easily. There is something amiss. I think it is in the music that the fault lies. My boy's clarinet goes well enough; no fear of Oddo's being out. Pray, sir, who plays the violin at this moment?"

"A fellow who looks as if he did not like his business. He is frowning with his red brows, as if he would frown out the lights."

"His red brows! O, then it is Hund. I was thinking it would be hard upon him, poor fellow, if he had to play to-night. Yet not so hard as if he had to dance. It is weary work dancing with the heels when the heart is too heavy to move. You may have heard, sir, for every one knows it, that Hund wanted to have young Rolf's place; and, some say, Erica herself. Is she dancing, sir, if I may ask?"

"Yes—with Rolf. What sort of a man is Rolf—with regard to these superstitions, I mean? Is he as foolish as Erica—always frightened about something?"

"No, indeed. It is to be wished that Rolf was not so light as he is—so inconsiderate about these matters. Rolf has his troubles and his faults; but they are not of that kind."

"Enough," said M. Kollsen with a voice of authority. "I rejoice to hear that he is superior to the popular delusions. As to his troubles and his faults, they may be left for me to discover all in good time."

"With all my heart, sir. They are nobody's business but his own; and, may be, Erica's. Rolf has a good heart; and I doubt not Ulla and I shall have great comfort in him. He lives with us, sir, from this night forwards. There is no fear that he will wish us in our graves, though we stand between him and his marriage."

"That must be rather a painful consideration to you."

"Not at all sir, at present. Ulla and I were all the happier, we think to this day, for having had four such years as these young people have before them, to know one another in, and grow suitable in notions and habits, and study to please one another. By the time Rolf and Erica are what we were, one or both of us will be underground, and Rolf will have, I am certain, the pleasant feeling of having done his duty by us. It is all as it should be, sir; and I pray that they may live to say, at our age, what Ulla and I can say of the same season of our lives."

The pastor made no answer. He had not heard the last few words; for what Peder said of being underground had plunged him into a reverie about Peder's funeral sermon, which he should, of course, have to preach. He was pondering how he should at once do justice to Peder's virtues, and mark his own disapprobation of the countenance Peder gave to the superstitions of the region in which he lived. He must keep in view the love and respect in which the old man was held by everybody; and yet he must bear witness against the great fault above-mentioned. He composed two or three paragraphs in his imagination, which he thought would do, and then committed them to memory. He was roused from this employment by a loud laugh from the man whose funeral he was meditating, and saw that Peder was enjoying life at present, as much as the youngest—with a glass of punch in his hand, and a group of old men and women round him, recalling the jests of fifty years ago.

"How goes it, Rolf?" said his master, who, having done his duty in the dancing-room, was now making his way to the card-tables, in another apartment, to see how his guests there were entertained. Thinking that Rolf looked very absent, as he stood, in the pause of the dance, in silence by Erica's side, Erlingsen clapped him on the shoulder and said, "How goes it? Make your friends merry."

Rolf bowed and smiled, and his master passed on. "How goes it?" repeated Rolf to Erica, as he looked earnestly into her face. "Is all going on well, Erica?"

"Certainly. I suppose so. Why not?" she replied. "If you see anything wrong—anything omitted, be sure and tell me. Madame Erlingsen would be very sorry. Is there anything forgotten, Rolf?"

"I think you have forgotten what the day is; that is all. Nobody that looked at you, love, would fancy it to be your own day. You look anything but merry. Hardly a smile from you to-night! And that is a great omission."

"O, Rolf, there is something so much better than merriment!"

"Yes, love; but where is it? not in your heart to-night, Erica."

"Yes, indeed, Rolf."

"You look as dull—as sad—you and Hund, as if——"

"Hund!" repeated Erica, glancing around the room for Hund, and not seeing him till her lover

reminded her that Hund was the musician. "Hund does seem dull enough, to be sure," said she, smiling; "I hope I do not often look like that."

"I am more sorry for him than you are, I see," said Rolf, brightening when he found how entirely Hund had been absent from her thoughts. "I am more sorry for Hund than you are; and with good reason, for I know what the happiness is that he has missed, poor fellow! But yet I think you might feel a little more for him. It would show that you know how to value love."

"Indeed, I am very sorry for him; but more for his disappointment about the house than any other. To-day once over, he will soon fix his love on somebody else. Perhaps we shall be dancing on his betrothment-day before the year is out."

"Then I hope his girl will look merrier than you do to-night," muttered Rolf with a sigh. "O Erica! I wish you would trust me. I could take care of you, and make you quite happy, if you would only believe it. Ah! I know what that look means. I know you love me, and all that; but you are always tormenting yourself——"

"I think I know one who is cleverer still at tormenting himself," said Erica with a smile. "Come, Rolf, no more tormenting of ourselves or one another! No more of that after to-day! What is to-day worth, if it is not to put an end to all doubts of one another?"

"But where is the use of that, if you still will not believe that I can keep off all trouble from you—that nothing in the universe shall touch you to your hurt, while ——"

"O, hush! hush!" said Erica, turning pale and red at the presumption of this speech. "See, they are waiting for us. One more round before supper."

And in the whirl of the waltz she tried to forget the last words Rolf had spoken; but they rang in her ears; and before her eyes were images of Nipen overhearing this defiance—and the Watersprite planning vengeance in its palace under the ice—and the Mountain-Demon laughing in scorn, till the echoes shouted again—and the Wood-Demon waiting only for summer to see how he could beguile the rash lover. Erica finished her dance; but when the company and the men of the household were seated at the supper-table, and she had to help her mistress and the young ladies to wait upon them, she trembled so that she could scarcely stand. It was so very wrong of Rolf to be always defying the spirits!

Long was the supper, and hearty was the mirth round the table. People in Norway have universally a hearty appetite—such an appetite as we English have no idea of. Whether it is owing to the sharp climate, or to the active life led by all—whatever may be the cause, such is the fact. This night, piles of fish disappeared first; and then joint after joint of reindeer venison. The fine game of the country was handed round, cut up; and little but the bones was left of a score of birds. Then there were preserved fruits, and berries eaten with thick cream;—almost every dish that could be

thought of made of the rich cream of the north. Erica recovered herself as the great business went on; and while her proud lover watched her, forgetting his supper, he thought to himself that no one of the fair attendants trod so lightly as Erica,—no one carved so neatly—no one handed the dishes so gracefully, or was so quick at seeing to whom the most respect and attention were owing. Perhaps this last thought was suggested by Rolf's perceiving that, either by her own hand or another's, the hottest dishes and the nicest bits were found, all supper-time, close to his elbow. Madame Erlingsen, he decided, with all her experience, did not do the duties of the table so well; and the young ladies, kind and good-tempered as they were, would never, by any experience, become so graceful as Erica.

At last appeared the final dish of the long feast,—the sweet cake, with which dinner and supper in Norway usually conclude. While this was sliced and handed round, Rolf observed that Erica looked anxiously towards him. He took no notice, hoping that she would come and speak to him, and that he should thus be the gainer of a few of her sweet words. She did come, and just said,

"The cake and ale are here, Rolf. Will you carry them?"

"O, the treat for old Nipen. Yes, I will carry them," replied Rolf, rising from his seat.

It is the custom in the country regions of Norway to give the spirit Nipen a share at festival times. His Christmas cake is richer than that prepared for the guests; and, before the feast is finished, it is laid in some place out of doors, where, as might be expected, it is never to be found in the morning. Everybody knew therefore why Rolf rose from his seat, though some were too far off to hear him say that he would carry out the treat for old Nipen.

"Now, pray do not speak so—do not call him those names," said Erica, anxiously. "It is quite as easy to speak so as not to offend him. Pray, Rolf, to please me, do speak respectfully. And promise me to play no tricks, but just set the things down, and come straight in, and do not look behind you. Promise me, Rolf."

Rolf did promise, but he was stopped by two voices, calling upon him. Oddo, the herd-boy, came running to claim the office of carrying out Nipen's cake; and M. Kollsen, from his seat, declared that he could not countenance any superstitious observances—would not, indeed, permit any so gross as this in his presence. He requested that the company might have the benefit of the cake, and made a speech in ridicule of all spirits and fairies, so very bold and contemptuous that all present who had to go home that night looked in consternation at their host. If such language as M. Kollsen's were allowed, they looked for nothing less than to have their way beset by offended spirits; so that Erlingsen might hear in the morning of some being frozen, some being lost in the fiord, and others tumbled from precipices. M.

Erlingsen made haste to speak. He did not use any scruples with the young clergyman. He told him that every one present would be happy at all times to hear him speak on the matters belonging to his office. He had discharged his office in the morning, in betrothing Rolf and Erica; he was now resting from his business, as a guest at that table; and he would, of course, allow that the direction of the festivity rested with the host and hostess, whose desire it was that everything should be done which was agreeable to the feelings and habits of the greater number of the guests.

It was settled in a moment that Nipen should have his cake; which so shocked and annoyed M. Kollsen that he declared he would not remain to sanction anything so impious, and requested that his boatmen might be called from their suppers, and desired to have his boat ready immediately. No entreaties would soften him: go he would.

It appeared, however, that he could not go. Not a man would row him, after what he had just said of Nipen. All were sure that a gust would blow the boat over, the minute she was out of reach of land; or that a rock would spring up in deep water, where no rock was before; or that some strong hand would grasp the boat from below, and draw it down under the waters. A shudder went round as these things were prophesied; and, of course, M. Kollsen's return home that night was out of the question, unless he would row himself. At first he declared he should do this; but he was so earnestly entreated to attempt nothing so rash, that he yielded the point, with a supercilious air which perhaps concealed more satisfaction than he chose to avow to himself. He insisted on retiring immediately, however, and was shown to his chamber at once, by Erlingsen himself, who found, on his return, that the company were the better for the pastor's absence, though unable to recover the mirth which he had put to flight. Erica had been shedding a few tears, in spite of strong efforts to restrain them. Here was a bad omen already—on the very day of her betrothment; and she saw that Hund thought so; for there was a gloomy satisfaction in his eye, as he sat silently watching all that passed.

She could not help being glad that Oddo renewed his request to be allowed to carry out Nipen's cake and ale. She eagerly put the ale-can into his hand, and the cake under his arm; and Oddo was going out, when his blind grandfather, hearing that he was to be the messenger, observed that he should be better pleased if it were somebody else; for Oddo, though a good boy, was inquisitive, and apt to get into mischief by looking too closely into everything, having never a thought of fear. Everybody knew this to be true; though Oddo himself declared that he was as frightened as anybody sometimes. Moreover, he asked what there was to pry into, on the present occasion, in the middle of the night; and appealed to the company whether Nipen was not best pleased to be served by the youngest of a party. This was allowed; and he was permitted to go, when Peder's

consent was obtained, his mistress going to the door with him, and seeing him off, putting him in mind that the dancing could not begin again till he returned to take up his clarionet.

#### CHAPTER II.—ODDO'S WALK.

The place where Nipen liked to find his offerings was at the end of the barn, below the gallery which ran round the outside of the building. There, in the summer, lay a plot of green grass; and, in the winter, a sheet of pure frozen snow. Thither Oddo shuffled on, over the slippery surface of the yard, and across the paddock, along the lane made by the snow-plough between high banks of snow; and he took prodigious pains, between one slip and another, not to spill the ale. He looked more like a prowling cub than a boy, wrapped as he was in his wolf-skin coat, and his fox-skin cap doubled down over his ears.

As may be supposed from Oddo's declaring that he was sometimes frightened, he was a brave boy. A cowardly boy would not have said it. A cowardly boy would not have offered to go at all. A cowardly boy would, if he had been sent, have wished that the house-door might be left open, that he might see the cheerful yellow light from within; whereas Oddo begged his mistress to shut the door, that his grandfather might not be made to feel his rheumatism by any draught, as he sat at table. A cowardly boy would have run as fast as he could, perhaps slipping or falling, and spilling the ale; and when his errand was done, he would have fled home, without looking behind him, fancying everything he saw and heard a spirit, or a wild beast. Oddo did very differently from this. As usual, he was too busy finding out how everything happened to feel afraid, as a less inquisitive boy would.

The cake steamed up in the frosty air under his nose, so warm and spicy and rich, that Oddo began to wonder what so very superior a cake could be like. He had never tasted any cake so rich as this; nor had any one in the house tasted such; for Nipen would be offended if his cake was not richer than anybody's else. Oddo wondered more and more how this would taste, till, before he had crossed the yard, he wondered no longer. He broke a piece off, and ate it; and then wondered whether Nipen would mind his cake being just a little smaller than usual. After a few steps more, the wonder was how far Nipen's charity would go; for the cake was now a great deal smaller; and Oddo next wondered whether anybody could stop eating such a cake when it was once tasted. He was surprised to see, when he came out into the starlight, at the end of the barn, how small a piece was left. He stood listening whether Nipen was coming in a gust of wind; and when he heard no breeze stirring, he looked about for a cloud where Nipen might be. There was no cloud, as far as he could see. The moon had set; but the stars were so bright as to throw a faint shadow from Oddo's form upon the snow. There was no sign of any spirit being



angry at present; but Oddo thought Nipen would certainly be angry at finding so very small a piece of cake. It might be better to let the ale stand by itself; and Nipen would perhaps suppose that Madame Erlingsen's stock of groceries had fallen short;—at least, that it was in some way inconvenient to make the cake on the present occasion. So, putting down his can upon the snow, and holding the last fragment of the cake between his teeth, he seized a birch pole which hung down from the gallery, and by its help climbed one of the posts, and got over the rails into the gallery, whence he could watch what would happen. To remain on the very spot where Nipen was expected was a little more than he was equal to; but he thought he could stand in the gallery, in the shadow of the broad eaves of the barn, and wait for a little while. He was so very curious to see Nipen, and to learn how it liked its ale!

There he stood in the shadow, hearing nothing but his own munching, though there was not much of that; for, as he came near the end, he took only a little crumb at a time, to spin out the treat; for never was anything so good! Then he had nothing to do but listen; but the waterfall was frozen up, and the mill stood as still as if it was not made to move. If the wheel should creak, it would be a sign that Nipen was passing.

Presently he heard something.

"Music!" thought he; "I never heard that it liked music; and I don't think it can know much about music, for this is not at all sweet. There again!—that was a sort of screech. Oh, how stupid I am!" thought he again. "So much for my head being full of Nipen! It is only Hund, tuning his violin, because they have all done supper. They will be waiting for me. I wish this Nipen would make haste. It can't be very hungry; that is clear."

He grew more and more impatient as the minutes passed on, and he was aware that he was wanted in the house. Once or twice he walked slowly away, looking behind him, and then turned again, unwilling to miss this opportunity of seeing Nipen. Then he called the spirit—actually begged it to appear. His first call was almost a whisper; but he called louder and louder, by degrees, till he was suddenly stopped by hearing an answer.

The call he heard was soft and sweet. There was nothing terrible in the sound itself; yet Oddo grasped the rail of the gallery with all his strength as he heard it. The strangest thing was, it was not a single cry; others followed it—all soft and sweet; but Oddo thought that Nipen must have many companions, and he had not prepared himself to see more spirits than one. As usual, however, his curiosity grew more intense, from the little he had heard; and he presently called again. Again he was answered, by four or five voices in succession.

"Was ever anybody so stupid!" cried the boy, now stamping with vexation. "It is the echo, after all! As if there was not always an

echo here, opposite the rock! It is not Nipen at all. I will just wait another minute, however."

He leaned in silence on his folded arms; and had not so waited for many seconds before he saw something moving on the snow at a little distance. It came nearer and nearer, and at last quite up to the can of ale.

"I am glad I stayed," thought Oddo. "Now I can say I have seen Nipen. It is much less terrible than I expected. Grandfather told me that it sometimes came like an enormous elephant or hippopotamus; and never smaller than a large bear. But this is no bigger than—let me see—I think it is most like a fox. I should like to make it speak to me. They would think so much of me at home, if I had talked with Nipen."

So he began gently.

"Is that Nipen?"

The thing moved its bushy tail, but did not answer.

"There is no cake for you to-night, Nipen. I hope the ale will do. Is the ale good, Nipen?"

Off went the dark creature, without a word, as quick as it could go.

"Is it offended?" thought Oddo; "or is it really what it looks like—a fox? If it does not come back, I will go down presently, and see whether it has drunk the ale. If not, I shall think it is only a fox."

He presently let himself down to the ground by the way he had come up, and eagerly laid hold of the ale-can. It would not stir. It was as fast on the ground as if it was enchanted, which Oddo did not doubt was the case; and he started back, with more fear than he had yet had. The cold he felt on this exposed spot soon reminded him, however, that the can was probably frozen to the snow—which it might well be after being brought warm from the fire-side. It was so. The vessel had sunk an inch into the snow, and was there fixed by the frost.

None of the ale seemed to have been drunk; and so cold was Oddo by this time, that he longed for a sup of it. He took first a sup, and then a draught; and then he remembered that the rest would be entirely spoiled by the frost if it stood another hour. This would be a pity, he thought; so he finished it, saying to himself that he did not believe Nipen would come that night.

At that very moment he heard a cry so dreadful that it shot, like sudden pain, through every nerve of his body. It was not a shout of anger; it was something between a shriek and a wail—like what he fancied would be the cry of a person in the act of being murdered. That Nipen was here now, he could not doubt; and at length, Oddo fled. He fled the faster, at first, for hearing the rustle of wings; but the curiosity of the boy even now got the better of his terror, and he looked up at the barn where the wings were rustling. There he saw in the starlight the glitter of two enormous round eyes, shining down upon him from the ridge of the roof. But it struck him at once that he had seen those eyes

before. He checked his speed, stopped, went back a little, sprang up once more into the gallery, hissed, waved his cap, and clapped his hands, till the echoes were all awake again; and, as he had hoped, the great white owl spread its wings, sprang off from the ridge, and sailed away over the fiord.

Oddo tossed up his cap, cold as the night was, so delighted was he to have scared away the bird which had, for a moment, scared him. He hushed his mirth, however, when he perceived that lights were wandering in the yard, and that there were voices approaching. He saw that the household were alarmed about him, and were coming forth to search for him. Curious to see what they would do, Oddo crouched down in the darkest corner of the gallery to watch and listen.

First came Rolf and his master, carrying torches, with which they lighted up the whole expanse of snow as they came. They looked round them, without any fear, and Oddo heard Rolf say—

"If it were not for that cry, sir, I should think nothing of it. But my fear is that some beast has got him."

"Search first the place where the cake and ale ought to be," said Erlingsen. "Till I see blood, I shall hope the best."

"You will not see that," said Hund, who followed; his gloomy countenance, now distorted by fear, looking ghastly in the yellow light of the torch he carried. "You will see no blood. Nipen does not draw blood."

"Never tell me that any one that was not wounded and torn could send out such a cry as that," said Rolf. "Some wild brute seized him, no doubt, at the very moment that Erica and I were standing at the door listening."

Oddo repented of his prank when he saw, in the flickering light behind the crowd of guests, who seemed to hang together like a bunch of grapes, the figures of his grandfather and Erica. The old man had come out in the cold, for his sake; and Erica, who looked as white as the snow, had no doubt come forth because the old man wanted a guide. Oddo now wished himself out of the scrape. Sorry as he was, he could not help being amused, and keeping himself hidden a little longer, when he saw Rolf discover the round hole in the snow where the can had sunk, and heard the different opinions of the company as to what this portended. Most were convinced that his curiosity had been his destruction, as they had always prophesied. What could be clearer, by this hole, than that the ale had stood there, and been carried off with the cake; and Oddo with it, because he chose to stay and witness what is forbidden to mortals?

"I wonder where he is now?" said a shivering youth, the gayest dancer of the evening.

"O, there is no doubt about that;—any one can tell you that," replied the elderly and experienced M. Holberg. "He is chained upon a wind, poor fellow, like all Nipen's victims. He will have to be shut up in a cave all the hot summer through, when it is pleasantest to be abroad; and

when the frost and snow come again, he will be driven out, with a lash of Nipen's whip, and he must go flying, wherever his wind flies, without resting, or stopping to warm himself at any fire in the country. Every winter now, when Erlingsen hears a moaning above his chimney, he may know it is poor Oddo, foolish boy!"

"Foolish boy! but one can't help pitying him," said another. "Chained astride upon the wind, and never to be warm again!"

Oddo had thus far kept his laughter to himself; but now he could contain himself no longer. He laughed aloud—and then louder and louder as he heard the echoes all laughing with him. The faces below too were so very ridiculous;—some of the people staring up in the air, and others at the rock where the echo came from; some having their mouths wide open—others their eyes starting—and all looking unlike themselves in the torchlight. His mirth was stopped by his master.

"Come down, sir," cried Erlingsen, looking up at the gallery. "Come down this moment. We shall make you remember this night, as well perhaps as Nipen could do. Come down, and bring my can, and the ale and the cake. The more pranks you play to-night, the more you will repent it."

Most of the company thought Erlingsen very bold to talk in this way; but he was presently justified by Oddo's appearance on the balustrade. His master seized him as he touched the ground, while the others stood aloof.

"Where is my ale-can?" said Erlingsen.

"Here, sir;" and Oddo held it up dangling by the handle.

"And the cake—I bade you bring down the cake with you."

"So I did, sir."

And to his master's look of inquiry, the boy answered by pointing down his throat with one finger, and laying the other hand upon his stomach. "It is all here, sir."

"And the ale in the same place?"

Oddo bowed, and Erlingsen turned away without speaking. He could not have spoken without laughing.

"Bring this gentleman home," said Erlingsen presently to Rolf; "and do not let him out of your hands. Let no one ask him any questions till he is in the house." Rolf grasped the boy's arm, and Erlingsen went forward to relieve Peder, though it was not very clear to him at the moment whether such a grandchild was better safe or missing. The old man made no such question; but hastened back to the house, with many expressions of thanksgiving.

As the search-party crowded in among the women, and pushed all before them into the large warm room, M. Kollsen was seen standing on the stair-head, wrapped in the bear-skin coverlid.

"Is the boy there?" he inquired.

Oddo showed himself.

"How much have you seen of Nipen, hey?"

"Nobody ever had a better sight of it, sir. It

was as plain as I see you now, and no further off."

"Nonsense—it is a lie," said M. Kollsen. "Do not believe a word he says," advised the pastor, speaking to the listeners. "There is the folly of giving such an opportunity to a child of making himself important. If he had had his share of the cake, with the rest of us at table, he would have taken it quietly, and been thankful. As it is, it will be harder work than ever to drive out these wicked superstitions.—Go, get along!" he cried to Oddo; "I do not want to hear a word you have got to say."

Oddo bowed, and proceeded to the great room, where he took up his clarionet, as if it was a matter of course that the dancing was to begin again immediately. He blew upon his fingers, however, observing that they were too stiff with cold to do their duty well. And when he turned towards the fire, every one made way for him, in a very different manner from what they would have dreamed of three hours before. Oddo had his curiosity gratified as to how they would regard one who was believed to have seen something supernatural.

Erlingsen saw that something must be done on the spot, to clear up the affair. If his guests went home without having heard the mysteries of the night explained, the whole country would presently be filled with wild and superstitious stories. He requested Peder to examine the boy, as Oddo stood more in awe of his grandfather than of any one else; and also because Peder was known to be so firm a believer in Nipen, that his judgment would be more readily received than that of an unbeliever. When seriously questioned, Oddo had no wish to say anything but the truth; and he admitted the whole—that he had eaten the entire cake, drunk all the ale, seen a fox and an owl, and heard the echoes, in answer to himself. As he finished his story, Hund, who was perhaps the most eager listener of all, leaped thrice upon the floor, snapping his fingers, as if in a passion of delight. He met Erlingsen's eye, full of severity, and was quiet; but his countenance still glowed with exultation.

The rest of the company were greatly shocked at these daring insults to Nipen; and none more so than Peder. The old man's features worked with emotion, as he said in a low voice that he should be very thankful if all the mischief that might follow upon this adventure might be borne by the kin of him who had provoked it. If it should fall upon those who were innocent, never surely had boy been so miserable as his poor lad would then be. Oddo's eyes filled with tears, as he heard this; and he looked up at his master and mistress, as if to ask whether they had no word of comfort to say.

"Neighbor," said Madame Erlingsen to Peder, "is there any one here who does not believe that God is over all, and that he protects the innocent?"

"Is there any one who does not feel," added Erlingsen, "that the innocent should be gay, safe

as they are in the good-will of God and man? Come, neighbors—to your dancing again! You have lost too much time already. Now, Oddo, play your best—and you, Hund."

"I hope," said Oddo, "that, if any mischief is to come, it will fall upon me. We'll see how I shall bear it."

"Mischief enough will befall you, boy—never doubt it," said his master, "as long as you trifle with people's feelings as you have done to-night. Go. Make up for it, all you can."

The dancing was spiritless, and there was little more of it. The mirth of the meeting was destroyed. The party broke up at three, instead of five or six; and it might have been earlier still, but for the unwillingness of every family present to be the first to go upon the lake, or to try the road. At last, all understood one another's feelings by their own; and the whole company departed at once in two bands, one by water and the other by land. Those who went in sleighs took care that a heavy stone was fastened by a rope to the back of each carriage, that its bobbing and dancing on the road might keep off the wolves. Glad would they have been of any contrivance by which they might as certainly distance Nipen. Rolf then took a parting kiss from Erica in the porch, pushed Oddo on before, and followed with Peder. Erica watched them quite to the door of their own house, and then came in, and busied herself in making a clearance of some of the confusion which the guests had left behind.

"Oddo could not get a word from you, Erica," observed her mistress; "not even a look in answer to his 'good night.'"

"I could not, madame," answered Erica, tears and sobs breaking forth. "When I think of it all, I am so shocked—so ashamed!"

"How ashamed?"

"Nipen has been so favorable to us to-day, madame! not a breath of wind stirring all the morning, so that nobody was disappointed of coming! And then to serve it in this way! To rob it, and mock it, and brave it as we have done!—So ungrateful!—so very wrong!"

"We are very sorry for Oddo's trick—your master and I," said Madame Erlingsen; "but we are not in the least afraid of any further harm happening. You know we do not believe that God permits his children to be at the mercy of evil or capricious spirits. Indeed, Erica, we could not love God as we should wish to love him, if we could not trust in him as a just and kind protector. Go to rest now, Erica. You have done quite enough since you left your bed. Go to rest now. Rest your heart upon Him who has blessed you exceedingly this day. Whatever others do, do not you be ungrateful to Him. Good sleep to you, Erica! Sleep off your troubles, that Rolf may see nothing of them in the morning."

Erica smiled; and when Orga and Frolich saw the effect of what their mother had said, they too went to rest without trembling at every one of the noises with which a house built of wood is always resounding.



FREDERIC JEROME.—A passenger on board the Prince of Wales steamer has written as follows in the "Chester Courant." It is the only vivid or clear description we have seen of one of the noblest and most affecting incidents of heroism in modern times:—"We neared her (the Ocean Monarch) about two o'clock, and beheld a cluster of our fellow-creatures crowded on the only one part of the vessel which remained, so far, beyond the reach of the raging element, but under momentary expectation of its invasion, the heaving ocean beneath threatening destruction in another form. Their stretched-out arms and wailing cries for relief reached us from time to time through the lull of the wind and waves, completing a scene the most appalling and heart-rending that can be well conceived. At the time we approached her, nearly the whole who are known to have perished had already gone to their great account, some by fire, and others meeting a watery grave in their endeavors to escape a death so horrible. We shared in the means of relieving these poor remaining sufferers for more than two hours, until at length only about sixteen or seventeen remained upon the wreck. These were an aged man and several women and children—their every faculty seemed to have been paralyzed with terror, and they could by no means be persuaded to make any endeavor to lower themselves down and trust to being picked up by the boats plying underneath. One or two men made an attempt to reach them, but without success. At length one able and willing appeared; Frederic Jerome, an Englishman by birth but naturalized in the United States, divesting himself completely of his clothes, plunged into the vortex caused by the surging of the ship and the formidable wreck of spars, ropes, chains, and torn sails hanging from her bows. In truth this continuous pitching and these attaching impediments gave rise to the difficulty and danger of relieving the sufferers throughout the whole disastrous period. With less of this there would have been comparatively little difficulty, and with a degree more of storm many more must have perished. To return to Jerome—taking a rope in his hand, he attained the site of the forlorn occupants of the small space still spared from the fire, and his progress to this point was a splendid display of muscular power, requiring a strength of arm which but few thorough-bred sailors possess. Now it was when the harrowing spectacle we had been witnessing so long assumed an aspect more pleasurable and more hopeful, and we crowded to the side of the steamer like the spectators of a drama. One after another he lowered the women and children by passing a rope round them, letting them gently down until within reach—that is, until a man could fasten a long boat-hook to their clothes, by which they were drawn to the boat. As one after another they were placed in safety, a round of clapping of hands was given. I had for two hours watched the very aged man lying with a child in his arms, and he was the last to be saved. The scene, which had become more and more exciting, now attained an interest the most thrilling. The child was secured in the boat, and Jerome proceeded to pass the rope round the old man. Senseless from long exposure in such circumstances, he seemed to resist, and either could not or would not unclasp his rigid grasp. Some vio-

lence on the part of the gallant sailor was necessary to cause him to quit his hold. This was at last effected, and he also was lowered in safety. Three hearty cheers on our part announced this, and three more—energetic and heartfelt—greeted Jerome when he himself attained the boat. Were I a painter, I would try to depict Jerome, the old man and the child; the Athlete, in Grecian nakedness, feeble age, and innocent childhood in a group; the ship's head—a bearded Neptune of huge dimensions under them, and lower still the dashing waves—over them and behind, for fifty yards, a raging furnace."

From Chambers' Journal.

#### THE ROBIN REDBREASTS' CHORUS.

[There is an old English belief, that when a sick person is about to depart, a chorus of Robin Redbreasts raise their plaintive songs near the house of death.]

The summer sweets had passed away, with many a heart-throb sore,  
For warning voices said that *she* would ne'er see summer more;  
But still I hoped—'gainst hope itself—and at the autumn tide,  
With joy I marked returning strength, while watching by her side.  
But dreary winter and his blasts came with redoubled gloom,  
With trembling hands the Christmas boughs I hung around the room;  
For gone the warmth of autumn days—her life was on the wane:  
Those Christmas boughs at Candlemas I took not down again!\*

One day a Robin Redbreast came unto the casement near,  
*She* loved its soft and plaintive note, which few unmoved can hear;  
But on each sad successive day this redbreast ceased not bringing  
Other Robins, till a chorus full and rich was singing.  
Then, then I knew that death was nigh, and slowly stalking on;  
I gazed with speechless agony on our beloved one;  
No tearful eye, no fluttering mien, such sorrow durst betray—  
We tried to soothe each parting pang of nature's last decay.  
The blessed Sabbath morning came, the last she ever saw;  
And I had read of Jesus' love, of God's eternal law,  
Amid the distant silver chime of Sunday bells sweet ringing—  
Amid a chorus rich and full of Robin Redbreasts singing!  
The grass waves high, the fields are green, which skirt the churchyard side,  
Where charnel vaults with massive walls their slumbering inmates hide;  
The ancient trees cast shadows broad, the sparkling waters leap,  
And still the redbreast sings around *her* long and dreamless sleep.  
C. A. M. W.

\* Evergreens hung about on Christmas eve, ought to be taken down on the 2d Feb.—Candlemas-day—according to old usage.

# CONTENTS OF No. 233.

1. History of Napoleon's Empire, - - - -	<i>Westminster Review</i> , - - -	193
2. The Tube Bridge, - - - - -	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> , - - -	219
3. Pepys's Diary, Vol. 3, - - - - -	<i>Examiner</i> , - - -	212
4. Joseph Lancaster, - - - - -	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> , - - -	216
5. TOPICS OF THE DAY, - - - - -	<i>Spectator, Examiner, and Times</i> , - - -	219 to 218
Whig and Tory; Want of Government Want of Peace; The New Faith; The Talking Nuisance; Italy and Austria; Last News of the African Blockade; The Sale at Stowe; The late Mr. John Hunt,		
6. Feats on the Fiord, - - - - -	<i>A Story of Norway</i> , - - -	229
POETRY.—The Robin Redbreast's Chorus, 239.		
SHORT ARTICLES.—Origin of the House of Russell, 208.—Monkeys in India, 214.—Christmas Ball in the Hudson's Bay Territory, 215.—The Apple Girl, 218.—Frederick Jerome, 239.		

**PROSPECTUS.**—This work is conducted in the spirit of *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tail's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

**TERMS.**—The *LIVING AGE* is published every Saturday, by E. LITTELL & Co., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts., Boston; Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. To insure regularity in mailing the work, orders should be addressed to the office of publication, as above.

**Clubs**, paying a year in advance, will be supplied as follows:—

Four copies for	• • • •	\$20 00
Nine " "	• • • •	\$40 00
Twelve " "	• • • •	\$50 00

**Complete sets**, in fifteen volumes, to the end of 1847, handsomely bound, and packed in neat boxes, are for sale at thirty dollars.

**Any volume** may be had separately at two dollars, bound, or a dollar and a half in numbers.

**Any number** may be had for 12½ cents; and it may be worth while for subscribers or purchasers to complete any broken volumes they may have, and thus greatly enhance their value.

**Binding.**—We bind the work in a uniform, strong, and good style; and where customers bring their numbers in good order, can generally give them bound volumes in exchange without any delay. The price of the binding is 50 cents a volume. As they are always bound to one pattern, there will be no difficulty in matching the future volumes.

**Agencies.**—We are desirous of making arrangements in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

**Postage.**—When sent with the cover on, the *Living Age* consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4½ cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (1½ cts.) We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

**Monthly parts.**—For such as prefer it in that form, the *Living Age* is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The volumes are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

J. Q. ADAMS.